THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1913

No. 184. Vol. 31.

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1913.

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"IN A TWINKLING FITZGERALD SEIZED THE MACHINE."

SEE PAGE 310.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXI. AUGUST, 1913. No. 184

THE HUMAN BOMB.

BY JOHN L. VON BLON, OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

The story of what is probably the most amazing affair that ever happened in the annals of the police of any country in the world. Mr. Von Blon describes how a half-crazed Anarchist, with his fingers gripping the triggers of an infernal machine containing enough dynamite to blow up the entire city, walked quietly into the office of the Los Angeles Chief of Police and announced his intention of annihilating the community unless his fantastic demands were forthwith complied with! A touch would have set the deadly contrivance off, and the "human bomb" was keenly on the alert for any attempt to disarm him. What happened, and how this hideous menace to thousands of lives was finally removed, is well told in the following pages.

GROTESQUELY masked and garbed, with one hand on the triggers, ready to set off an infernal machine capable of destroying a whole city, and the other holding a loaded revolver in his pocket, Carl Warr, an Anarchist, slipped silently into the chief of police's reception-room in the Los Angeles Central Station on November 19th last, calmly seated himself, with the engine of annihilation upon his knees, and announced his determination to blow up the place unless all his requests were speedily complied with.

For an hour and a half this fantastic figure, hideous yet laughable in appearance, terrorized the whole centre of the "City of the Angels" and figuratively made its heart stop beating. The green-goggled, yellow-hooded menace literally held the lives of thousands in his hand and threatened momentarily to sacrifice them. Surely no police department anywhere ever faced so extraordinary, dramatic, and perilous a situation. How that situation was met and mastered without loss, the terrible risks it involved, the heroes it developed, and all the remarkable circumstances surrounding it constitute a chapter without parallel in police annals.

Warr's diabolical contrivance contained eighty sticks, few of them broken, of eighty per cent. nitro-glycerine. A quarter of a stick of this high-powered explosive is sufficient to shatter a good-sized building. Such an instrument, manipulated by a man whose mind runs in destructive channels, is an appalling thing to contemplate.

When Sergeant Richard L. Hilf, on duty in the reception-room, turned from a telephone and saw the weird character waiting there, he mistook him for a practical joker trying to have a bit of fun at the department's expense—an irregular proceeding which would have been overlooked with pleasure in this instance.

Thomas Graham, an investigator for the Board of Police Commissioners, was sitting at his desk in that body's room. Looking up, he saw what he thought to be some fellow enjoying a masquerade—probably a walking advertisement.

"Take a shot at it," he suggested to Hilf.

"You'd better not," came from under the mask, and there was no humour in the icy note.



This remarkable photograph of the "human bomb" was taken at the risk of his life by Mr. B. Miller, of the Los Angeles "Evening Express."—The dynamitard threatened to explode his machine at once if any more pictures were taken.

From a Photograph.

Hilf and Graham still took the stranger to be a harmless crank, however, and did not give him close attention until he lifted the cloth which had up to this time covered what he was carrying.

"How do you like the looks of that?" he asked. "It's full of dynamite. The minute my hand comes out of this it goes off, and there won't be enough of any of us left to set on the point of a pin."

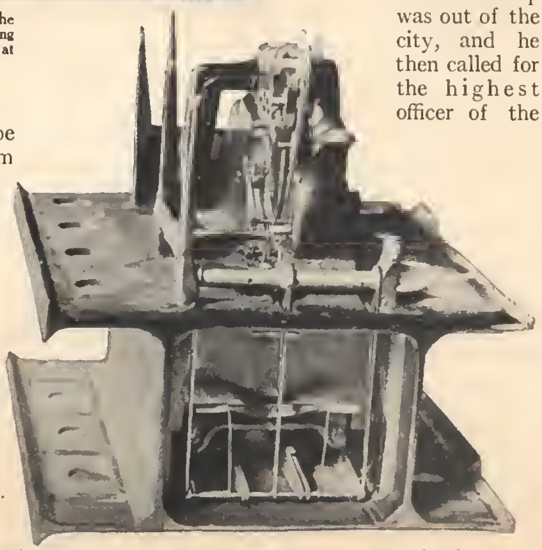
The sticks of explosive could be clearly seen, and the amazed officials realized that this was no joke, but grim, deadly earnest.

Then Warr demanded that Paul Shoup, president of the Pacific Electric Railway Company, should be brought before him that he might exact from the head of the great system a promise, on pain of sudden death, to increase the wages of thousands of employés and right various wrongs, all of which existed only in the fancy of the dynamiter's seething brain.

Chief of Police Charles E. Sebastian, who had been busy in the inner office, came out just at this moment, and saw at once that he had to deal with an extraordinary desperado. He had heard the story of an infernal machine, but did not at first believe it, or even consider it worthy of personal investigation until now. He had frequently encountered cranks who ostensibly carried devices of destruction. Here, however, was the real thing. Sebastian immediately took direct command and prepared for action.

"Get me the railroad president—get him quick," said Warr again, roughly, to the Chief's secretary, Claire E. Snively, and he emphasized his sharp order with an oath.

It was explained to him that Shoup was out of the city, and he then called for the highest officer of the



Warr's infernal machine—It was loaded with eighty sticks of dynamite, enough to blow up a great part of the city and destroy hundreds of lives.

From a Photograph.

supreme. Outside it passed up and down the packed business thoroughfares from mouth to mouth and by telephone, and curious and excited crowds began to gather.

The Chief's first thought was for the safety of his two hundred and twenty-three prisoners, over a score of them women, and the other occupants of the Central Station. The several police-courts in session were at once adjourned. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. Messengers were dispatched upstairs and down to warn everybody to leave, and the streets were roped off at either end of the block to hold back the surging throngs. More than ten thousand persons gathered before the lines could be stretched. They did not realize by what a slender thread their lives were hanging—that by moving his hand a fraction of an inch Warr could blow them all to atoms.



Mr. Paul Shoup, President of the Pacific Electric Railway Company—It was this gentleman whom Warr wanted brought to the police-station. *From a*] [*Photograph.*

Southern Pacific, which owns the other corporation. As a hint of his intentions in case of refusal, he drew an extra dynamite cartridge from an inner pocket and asked the officers to examine it and satisfy themselves that it was genuine. The machine, he said, contained the same brand—the highest grade manufactured. One of the powder experts promptly tested the explosive by taste, smell, and with fire, and was convinced.

While others talked to Warr, the Chief and some of his principal officers discussed plans for disarming him. But the Anarchist quickly divined their intentions, and warned them that the first step in his direction would result in bringing swift destruction upon that part of the city, with everybody and everything in it.

Meanwhile the news that a desperate character was in the Central Station, and would probably blow it up, spread like wildfire throughout the building, and consternation reigned



Mr. C. E. Sebastian, the Chief of Police of Los Angeles, who handled the extraordinary problem of the "human bomb" with commendable presence of mind.
From a Photograph.



The crowd gathering outside the police-station before the streets were cleared—The X in top right-hand corner indicates the hoarding behind which Warr donned his mask and got his machine ready.
From a] [*Photograph.*

While efforts to induce Warr to give up his infernal machine were continued, and hastily-concocted schemes to overpower him discussed, arrangements were made to remove the prisoners. Several special trolly-cars offered by the railway corporation were run up the hill in front of the station, and under heavy guard the inmates of the cells were marched to these coaches and swiftly whisked away to a safe distance. In these novel jails on wheels they were kept for over an hour. Half-a-dozen escaped during the rush and excitement incident to their removal, but out of gratitude to the Chief for his consideration of their welfare, all returned voluntarily the same day, and the entire body later tendered him a resolution of thanks.





Mr. R. T. Graham, Deputy District Attorney, who offered to fight a duel with Warr.

From a Photograph.

With the building and locality cleared, the officers' attitude towards Warr changed, though for a while longer they fought a battle of wits with him, at the same time cudgelling their brains for a way to subdue him without sacrifice of life and property. Grimly the fiend remained seated in his strategic position, his back to the wall, alert as a cat watching a mouse, leaving no loophole for attack, and apparently enjoying the commotion he knew he was causing.

In his immediate vicinity there was no visible excitement. Cool men stared death in the face unflinchingly, seeking a way out of a dilemma such as confronts but few persons in a lifetime.

Police-officers, newspaper reporters and photographers, and other brave spirits were constantly passing in and out of the room. One of the photographers took a chance and "snapped" Warr. The action angered him. "No more pictures," he called out, savagely. "The next one that is taken will mean the end of everything, for I'll turn this thing loose. I have a notion to do it anyway. Better get busy and bring that railroad president, or up you go!" And it was only too obvious that he meant it.

Deputy District Attorney Ralph T. Graham remained near the dynamiter for nearly an hour, arguing with him, teasing him, shaming him—anything to make him leave the place or allow himself to be disarmed. He even proposed to Warr that they should adjourn to a vacant piece of ground and fight to a finish with bare fists, the winner to take the machine. Finally, he challenged him to a duel to the death with revolvers, but the Anarchist would not budge. Every resource of the prosecuting officer's ingenious mind failed.

All this time the many propositions placed before Chief Sebastian for ringing down the curtain on this strange drama were receiving consideration. One of his captains suggested that everybody should be ordered from the station and the Anarchist locked in until starvation compelled his voluntary surrender. This plan was rejected because of its obvious drawbacks, the principal one being that the maddened man would in all probability release the triggers when he saw the trick.



Removing the prisoners from the city jail—They were placed
From a



Detective John Fitzgerald, who risked his life to prevent the explosion of the bomb.
From a] [*Photograph.*

Asphyxiation with gas, ammonia, or other poisonous fumes was thought of, but decided to be impracticable. It was pointed out that the man's convulsions, or his fall to the floor, would explode the machine before anyone could get at it through the vitiated atmosphere.

Finally, the measure being fully justified, all persuasive methods having failed, Chief Sebastian decided that the masked man should be shot; the danger of a catastrophe from a bullet hitting the infernal machine would have to be risked. He ascertained that from the roof of a building nearly opposite, and perhaps two hundred feet away, the Anarchist's head could be seen against the lighter wall through a front

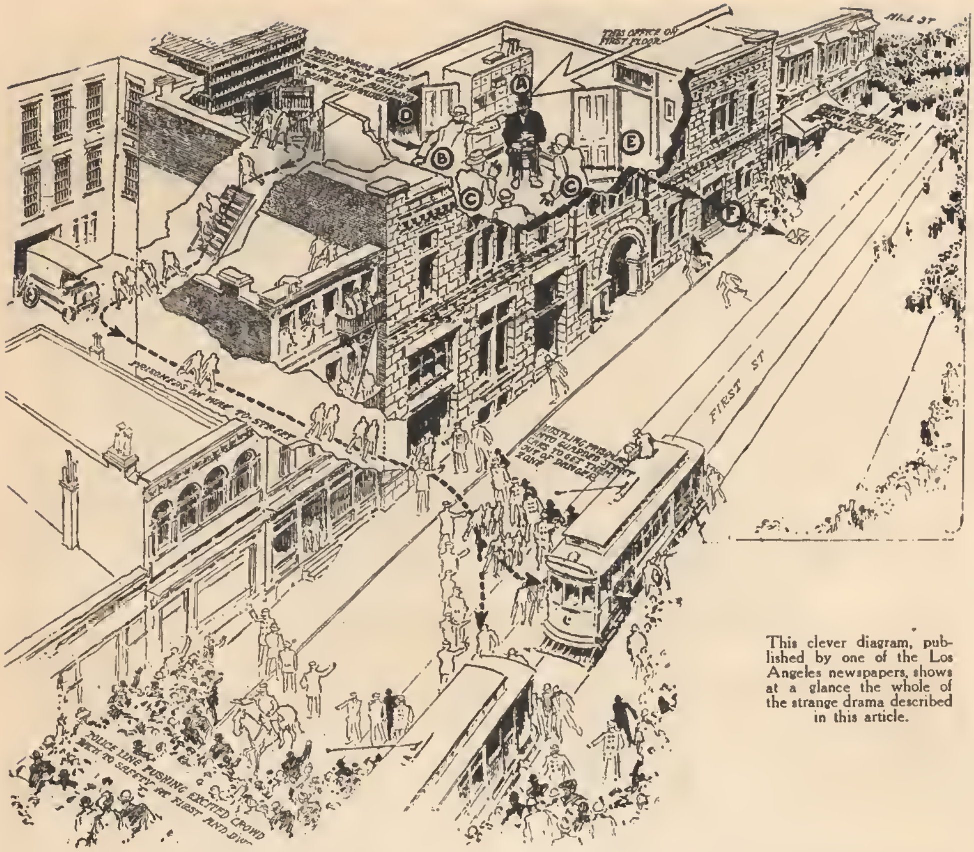


in special street cars and hurried away to safety.
Photograph.

window of the station—the window near which Sergeant Hilf sat throughout the ordeal, conducting the usual business of the office as though nothing out of the ordinary was transpiring. Sergeants George Willett and Willard E. Smith, crack shots of the department, and the writer were picked by the Chief to put an end to the desperado from this roof. It was hoped that the moment the bullets took effect the infernal machine could be snatched and an explosion averted. Five minutes more, and the dynamiter's fate would have been sealed in the interest of humanity; indeed, it is said that heavy weapons in the hands of men who do not miss their mark were already trained upon the



Sergeant R L. Hilf, who sat near the dynamiter throughout and calmly carried on the regular office routine.
From a] [*Photograph.*



This clever diagram, published by one of the Los Angeles newspapers, shows at a glance the whole of the strange drama described in this article.

A—Where Warr sat, infernal machine in his lap. B—Where Detective Hosick stood when he struck Warr, knocking him unconscious. During the mélée machine was set in operation. C—Position of Fitzgerald and Browne, who grabbed bomb from Warr, then carried it to street and broke it into pieces. D—Door from which Hosick entered. E—Door from which Fitzgerald entered to attract Warr's attention. F—The destruction of the sputtering infernal machine in the street.

mask when Detectives James Hosick and John C. Fitzgerald, with the aid of County Detective Samuel L. Browne, evolved a less drastic way to subdue the man behind it. To this the Chief consented.

Fitzgerald and Browne approached Warr and discussed with him the clever mechanism of his demoniacal invention. Of this he was inordinately proud, and the officers held his close attention while Hosick, with a "blackjack" concealed in his right hand, entered by a side door. Watching for the slightest opportunity to take the "human bomb" unawares, Hosick finally caught him with his head turned aside for the fraction of a second. Quick as a flash he dealt him a terrific blow, but it did not go where intended, for the Anarchist moved slightly. The detective struck again, and then once more with all his might. The thought flashed through his brain, he says, that it would probably be the last whack he would give anybody in this world. At the last blow Warr's figure crumpled and he pitched out of the chair. There was the snap of a hammer, a flash of blue flame, a sizzling and sputtering, and springs whirred like the tail of an angry rattlesnake. The deadly thing was in action!

In a twinkling Fitzgerald seized the machine, luckily getting his hand in where Warr's had been, his object being to get hold of the hammer, but in this he was too late. He pulled out some of the mechanism, however, including burning dynamite. Then Browne, taking the still-smoking contraption in his arms, rushed out, and threw it almost across the street, scattering the many sticks of explosive broadcast. Again he picked it up and tried to batter it to pieces by standing on the curb and bringing it down with all the force he could muster. Experts in explosives declare it nothing short of miraculous

that the nitro-glycerine did not go off when hurled upon the stone pavement. Hundreds of persons must have been killed or maimed had this occurred, and Browne would have disappeared in pieces too small to be visible.

Fate was paradoxical, even as Nature may be. Warr had prepared to destroy with dynamite, and it was the dynamite that prevented destruction, as afterwards transpired. In making the bomb, or rather in loading it, he had inserted a bit of "dynamite dough"—raw dynamite—in the train of powder that connected a blank cartridge with the fuse and fulminating cap. The purpose of this was to hold the powder in place until actually ready for use. It burned rather slowly, and Fitzgerald pulled it away before the fire touched the powder. Otherwise there would have been no staying the fury confined within, and the eighty sticks would undoubtedly have blown up a great part of the centre of the city—including a dozen office blocks, theatres, newspaper plants, and many large business buildings within five hundred yards—and destroyed thousands of lives. Chief Sebastian estimates that the property loss would have been ten million dollars and that from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons would have been killed outright. On the morning of October 1, 1910, the *Los Angeles Times* Building, but a few hundred feet from the Central Station, was destroyed and twenty employés killed by sixteen sticks of a similar explosive. Warr stated he had planned this catastrophe, but that others were too quick and beat him at doing the "job."

It appeared at first that Hosick's last blow had fractured the Anarchist's skull, but the Receiving Hospital surgeons patched him up and he recovered consciousness in a few hours. The next day he volunteered to go out with the police and show them where he had hundreds of pounds of dynamite buried. In a vacant lot near Eastlake Park, where hundreds of persons must have walked over it, he had concealed a large quantity of the explosive, lightly covered with leaves. In the river-bed another lot was found. It appeared that he stole the nitro-glycerine at a great quarry sixty miles away,



Detective Browne trying to demolish the infernal machine in the street—Note the many sticks of dynamite in the foreground, where they were scattered when the officer first threw the contrivance from him. Hundreds of persons would have been killed if the dynamite had gone off, but it miraculously failed to do so.
From a] [*Photograph.*



Carl Warr, the "human bomb," as he appeared after recovering from his injuries
From a Photograph.

bending them so naturally about the triggers that the deception was complete. These fingers were supplied with natural nails and painted a lifelike flesh colour.

On the morning he entered the Central Station Warr first stole by a roundabout way to a hoarding half a block distant, and behind its cover adjusted his hood, put a strap holding the heavy box about his shoulders, and made all the final preparations. Providentially, however, he forgot to remove the thimbleful of raw dynamite from the powder-tube in his machine—an oversight

where tons are used daily, making frequent night trips on a stolen bicycle.

In a little shack standing in a respectable neighbourhood he had a complete machine shop, practically every item in which was stolen, and here he had toiled and experimented for two years to perfect his deadly apparatus, in which he displayed the handiwork of a genius. The machine was in a box eighteen inches square, and the mechanical parts were fitted with absolute exactness in a hardwood and steel setting, all glued firmly together, and perforated in every possible place to lighten it. The cartridge to set it off was placed as if it had been in a gun-barrel, a celluloid tube acting as a conductor for the powder and fuse to the detonating cap. A hammer from an old army rifle occupied the same relative position to the cartridge as in a gun, and the lock had been so arranged that the releasing—not the pulling—of three triggers would cause the hammer to fall upon the cartridge. It will be seen, therefore, that it was the grip of Warr's fingers, maintained all through that trying ninety minutes, that prevented the machine from starting into action. Directly he was interfered with he intended to release his hold and so set the mechanism at work, and this is what happened when he was clubbed. On all sides the dynamite sticks were closely packed. Warr's left hand is minus three fingers, and he had made artificial ones to replace them, fitting them so nicely to the hand and



Detective Hosick (in shirt-sleeves), who knocked Warr senseless, and Detective Browne, who threw the machine into the street.
From a] [*Photograph.*



The little hut where Warr lived and worked for two years, perfecting his machine.
From a Photograph.

weeks after the sensational episode. He was convicted within a few minutes, and is now serving a twenty-year term in San Quentin Penitentiary. His last words when taken away were a threat to blow up Los Angeles when he is released from prison, where he was sent for "carrying, depositing, and placing dynamite in the Central Police Station with intent to terrify."

In recognition of their heroism, the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors awarded Detectives Fitzgerald, Hosick, and Browne gold medals studded with diamonds, and adopted resolutions of thanks and commendation

for which he afterwards declared he would never forgive himself.

Warr is a Russian, thirty-four years old, and has had a hard life. He has gone under various names and has figured in a number of minor crimes, as the police records disclose. The physicians, after many thorough examinations, declared him to be sane. He was tried a few

to the other brave men who remained at their posts of duty during the tense ninety minutes of the dynamiter's reign. The department, numbering approximately five hundred men, feels itself highly complimented by the fact that only two men—a detective officer and one of his subordinates—proved cowards at the time of this crucial test of courage and ran away.



The cross indicates the place where Warr had a large "cache" of stolen dynamite, lightly covered with leaves—He was taken out by the police and showed them where to find it.
From a] [*Photograph.*

ACROSS THE CONGO.

A LADY'S JOURNEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



The bull with which Mrs. Roby had an exciting adventure at Kikwit.
From a] [*Photograph.*

By
MARGUERITE ROBY.

The story of a very remarkable expedition—a ten-month journey right across the Belgian Congo, from Boma to Elizabethville, a distance of about three thousand five hundred miles. Alone, save for black porters, Mrs. Roby penetrated into remote districts where a white woman had never been seen before, braving cannibals, fighting fever, and meeting with numberless adventures. The following articles have been specially written for "The Wide World Magazine," and will be found particularly interesting.

I.—THE START.

ON the 6th of January, 1912, I went aboard the *Leopoldville* at Antwerp *en route* for Boma, which lies on the west coast of the Belgian Congo, my intention being to strike out from there in a south-easterly direction until I eventually reached Elizabethville. Although I managed to accomplish my object, it was only after a series of exciting adventures, from many of which I had some difficulty in extricating myself, as these articles will show.

Most of my fellow-passengers were Belgian officials, bound for the Congo, and I was very much surprised to notice how they gave way to their feelings as they bade farewell to their friends before coming on board. The men wept like children, but one tall young man, with blue eyes and golden hair, outdid all the others, nor even after we had started was he to be comforted, for in the middle of dinner he broke down once more and retired to his cabin, weeping copiously.

However, Time came to his rescue, and a few days later he was doing his share in amusing his fellow-travellers. He was rather a "green" young man, and one day, as I was coming up the companion-way, I heard yells of laughter issuing from the smoking-room. I looked in through the window, and beheld our young friend standing on a table, with a paper cylinder held to his lips, blowing till he was purple in the face at the electric fan. He was trying for a wager to stop that fan; but although he nearly broke all the blood-vessels in his body he quite failed to make the slightest impression upon the fan, which continued buzzing away as though nothing unusual was happening.

This completely mystified the blower, because everyone else in the room had succeeded in stopping the fan, and as he alone could not do so, he had to stand drinks all round, in accordance with the terms of the wager. The truth was that the other men had arranged with a steward below deck to turn off the current at a signal from them, and in this way they were able to accomplish the apparently impossible and get a round of drinks into the bargain!

Our voyage was uneventful, except for one storm which made us a day late in reaching Boma, but we weathered this all right, and in due course entered the fine river on which the capital of the Upper Congo stands. Here the forests come down on either bank to the water's edge, and the journey up-stream between these vast woods made a picturesque and impressive entry into the country which I had come so far to see.

On entering Boma one of the first sights is a big cattle-ranch, divided off into kraals, where the animals are fed, watered, and washed, special precautions being necessary in order to keep off the dreaded tsetse fly, which would attack them if they were allowed to go down to the river.



The Authoress and the Governor on the steps of Government House at Boma.
From a Photograph.

I sent a note to the Governor when we arrived, asking for a permit to shoot, and he sent someone to show me over the town, which is rather a miserable place, the district being swampy and infested by mosquitoes. I visited the Catholic Charity School, which had then been in existence about a year, and found the children had learned to speak French quite well in that time.

The Governor asked me to dinner the next evening, but I said it was impossible, since the boat was leaving next morning. He replied that this matter was easily arranged—and so it was, for he sent to the captain, told him to remain a day longer, and invited him also to dinner.

A tram-line runs down to the landing-place, and next evening a special tram-car called for us, and into this the captain and I climbed. Scarcely had we started, however, when I felt something crawling over my shoulder, and, flinging off my evening cloak, I discovered a big blackbeetle running down my neck. Having dispatched this monster, we accomplished the remainder of our ride in peace. The British Consul and his wife were at the dinner; she had not been out very long, and was suffering greatly from the mosquitoes.

Next morning we set out for Matadi, where the *Leopoldville* was to discharge her cargo. Matadi is a dreadful place, all white stone, which throws up a frightful glare from the burning sun, and the Government has not even erected a shed where people can shelter while their luggage goes through the Customs. Deaths from sunstroke are frequent. I went round to look for accommodation, but all the hotels I visited were infested by vermin, and so I got permission to remain on the boat until Monday morning, when the train was due to leave for Thysville.

Never shall I forget that railway journey! The train went crawling along the sides of steep mountains, and, looking back, one could sometimes see the line in five places which we had already passed. The engine-driver was a Sierra Leone native, and on a little iron seat outside my carriage sat a Congo negro, his duty being to attend to the brakes. I was the only passenger, unless I include my bulldog, Jock, who, I regret to say, had already taken a strong dislike to all coloured people.

When the driver wanted the brakes applied he sounded his whistle with great energy, but at such moments the "engineer" was generally asleep, so I had to shake him back into wakefulness; and thus we progressed for some distance. Unluckily, I at last dozed off myself, and was awakened suddenly by a most furious whistling from our trusty driver. "The brakes!" I thought. "Bless that nigger!" Leaning out, I pushed him with all my might. Alas! I did it too violently, and off his iron seat he rolled, down beside the permanent way. Leaping to my feet, I tugged at the brakes, and had the satisfaction of feeling them answer to my pull. Once more, however, I had blundered, for the train came to a sudden standstill. I had put them on too hard.

However, it really did not matter much, for you see we had to pick up our brakesman, so we



The sleeping sickness camp at Leopoldville, where the sufferers from this dread disease are kept under treatment.
From a Photograph.

should have had to stop in any case. After that the journey was resumed along the most sociable lines imaginable. Whenever the driver wanted a drink he stopped the train and took a pull out of a bottle which he carried; whenever we came up with any natives on the track he stopped once more to have a chat with them. The only thing I objected to was that whenever I took advantage of these stoppages to get out for a walk the driver at once started his engine again. At one spot where some natives were mending the line we stopped half an hour, and as there was a small telegraph-box close by I thought I would send a wire to Thysville. I went up to the native in the box and told him to send my message, to which he replied: "People who want telegrams sent generally say 'Please.'" So, taking this lesson to heart, I bowed courteously and replied: "Will you *kindly* send this telegram for me?"

Jock looked on as though he understood exactly what was being said, and as we were leaving the box the intelligent animal turned back and made one great leap at the telegraphist. This move upset the gentleman so much that he jumped on to his telegraphic apparatus in a panic. Then the train started.

During the course of this eventful journey I bought twenty-four pineapples from a native for half a franc. As the boy was handing them to me Jock made a snap at his hands, which made him take to his heels. I therefore had to throw the money after him as we steamed off. We reached Thysville at six p.m., having left Matadi at six-thirty that morning.

The manager of the hotel at Thysville, to whom I had wired, met me and conducted me to his hotel, which was perched up on a hill. I asked for a bath, but he only looked at me reproachfully, and in the end I had to wash in a teacup.

After dinner I went to bed, first of all tying Jock up near the veranda. I was not disturbed during the night, but in the morning, when I went to untie my faithful companion, I was astonished to find him plastered all over with some blue substance. As he showed a great eagerness to get loose, I unfastened him, when he at once took to his heels and, with me after him, rushed up a road near the hotel. When I at last overtook him he had got a native down on the road, and was standing over his captive with an air of triumph. One glance at the man told me enough, for the fellow's clothes were daubed with the very same substance which plastered Jock, so I gave him as good a thrashing as I was capable of, and then returned to the hotel with Jock. According to the law of the Congo, if the native had gone to a magistrate I should have been fined twenty-five francs or have got ten days' imprisonment.

I had not been in my room long when a black boy presented himself, saying: "Bibi wants servant to go with her?" "Yes," I said, and asked him if he were a good cook, to which he replied in the affirmative, adding that he wanted twenty-five francs a month wages. In the end I told him to be ready to start next morning, and away he went.

Two hours later he came back to say that he must buy some things, and would I give him a few francs?—a proposition to which I gave an emphatic "No." Once more he went away, looking very sad and disappointed.

An hour later he was back again, however, in the best of spirits. "Can my wife come with me?" he asked, and I said "Yes." For the third time he withdrew.

Shortly afterwards he returned. "Will the Bibi give me the money for my ticket and my

wife's ticket ?" was his request this time, and my suspicions now became certainties.

"Are you a Mission boy ?" I demanded, sternly.

"Yes. I from Catholic Mission. I know eblything," he responded, glibly. "I can cook, I wash, I put up tent. I put up eblything. I am Bibi's brother." (A Mission term.)

It struck me pretty forcibly that he knew a good deal too much, and I turned to another boy who happened to be standing by and asked him: "Do you know this boy ?"

"Oh, yes, Bibi. He the hotel cook," returned this individual, imperturbably.

At these words my would-be servant made his final retreat from my presence, and I saw him no more.

The second boy, speaking in French, now offered his services, and I ended by engaging him. Next morning we took train for Kinshasa, from which place I was to travel by boat up to Dima.

I had heard there was a good hotel at Kinshasa, but this proved a delusion. A cup of tea, made of hot water only, cost me two and a half francs, and lunch and dinner six and a half francs, and then I had to go out and buy some tinned food, as I wanted something to eat! Jock accompanied me on the expedition, and while we were walking quietly along a big dog suddenly jumped out at me without the slightest warning. It struck me on the shoulder and ripped my dress with its teeth almost down to the hem. I caught at its throat to defend myself, but before I had time even to call out the faithful Jock had buried his teeth in the brute's neck, and in a very few seconds he had worried the life out of it.

A young Belgian officer now appeared on the scene, followed by a black boy, who had evidently let the dog loose by mistake, for the officer gesticulated in fury. Then, turning on his boy, he shouted, "Dirty nigger!" Upon this, to my utter amazement, the black boy turned round and struck his master across the face. I expected to see the boy half killed, but the Belgian made no attempt to touch him, and when I inquired why he replied:—

"What is the use, madame? If I struck him back he would go to the magistrate, and I should have to pay a hundred francs or do six months in prison."

I could scarcely believe my senses; but such is indeed the state of things in the Congo. This is the reaction after the campaign which has been conducted against the Congo administration, and its end is not yet. From what I saw in this district I came to the conclusion that, unless some change be made before long, there will be a massacre of whites by the natives.

From Kinshasa I travelled to Leopoldville to visit the British Consul, Captain Lyons, and on arriving at my destination I found a very curious vehicle, a "push-push," awaiting me.



From a] **The native guard at Leopoldville.** [*Photograph.*



Mrs. Roby in a "push-push."
From a Photograph.

It is shown in the accompanying photograph, and is one of several others that have been brought out from Europe by white people. I got in, and was surprised to find how comfortable it was; with one boy to push and another to pull we covered the ground at a fine pace.

At lunch I asked the Consul about a personal boy (the one I had already engaged was a cook), and he told me he had a boy named Mokassa, from Brazzaville, who wanted to travel. I therefore interviewed and engaged the boy, who accompanied me for the rest of my journey.

After dinner that night I started back for Kinshasa in the push-push, the Consul accompanying me in another. But I was lighter than my host, so my boys could take me over country which the Consul's boys could not negotiate. For this reason he and I became separated on the journey, and I eventually reached my destination minus Captain Lyons. Mokassa, who had started with us, also failed to put in an appearance at the other end; but he did eventually turn up, some time after midnight, when he was thoughtful enough to wake me up in order to say that he had arrived—an attention for which I did not thank him at all!

The steamer on which I was to resume my journey was due to leave on the following evening, and while I was putting some of my things together after breakfast next day I received an invitation to dinner from the manager of the Company Kasai, who informed me that the boat would not sail until midnight.



From a] Sleeping-sickness patients. [*Photograph.*



Dima, whence the Authoress started on her long journey.
From a Photograph.

I sent my luggage down to the landing-place and spent the rest of the day trying to get my bill from the hotel manager, who could not be found, apparently. Finally I went over to dinner without having paid, but before the meal was fin shed the account was brought in by a boy, and none of the items had been forgotten.

The *Fumu Tanga* was a small steamer, belonging to the Company Kasai. They supplied a cabin and I supplied the fittings. The boat was for the use of the company's officials, but I was allowed on board as a favour. We sailed at midnight, and after an uneventful voyage we arrived at Dima a few days later. Here I intended to lay in stores for my long trek, as I had heard that it would be impossible to buy food anywhere else on the route.

My guns, ammunition, tents, chairs, tables, bedding, wines, and medicines I had bought in England, and now I proceeded to lay in a stock of tinned stores for my march. I spent three or four days thus at Dima.

Near here there is a big farm, on which are cattle, sheep, goats, chickens, ducks, and rabbits. Although there was no grass, the sheep and goats looked healthy enough, but the rabbits were not doing well. Maize and salt formed the staple food for the cattle.

I was now in need of sixty or seventy porters, but as there were none to be had at Dima I had to set out by steamer down the Kasai River for Kikwit. Forests bounded the river on either bank, and upon the sandbanks along the river margin numerous crocodiles basked. Seeing a young man-eater lying out on one of these banks, I took up my twelve-bore and had a shot at him. He rolled over, and the captain stopped the boat and sent a boy to go and pick it up; but the crocodile was not dead, and when the boy put out his hand it turned on him. This



A farm near Dima, where Mrs. Roby laid in a stock of provisions for her expedition.
From a Photograph.

frightened the native so much that he fell backwards off the sandbank into the water, but, remembering that there were bigger crocodiles in the water, he soon recovered himself, climbed back, and dispatched the monster with a stick.

I had visions of a beautiful crocodile-skin purse, and asked that the skin should be brought to me; but the natives were evidently hungry that day, for they cut the creature into bits and sent the skin up in little pieces.

During this trip I found great difficulty in making my boy, Mokassa, answer my summons when I wanted him; and at last I went to search for him myself. I found him under the influence of palm wine, and when he saw me he at once began to finger a little piece of cloth that hung on a chain round his neck. This, I discovered, contained some religious emblem which he believed would bring him luck and keep him out of trouble, and I noticed from this time onwards that whenever he got into a row he invariably hung on to the chain very earnestly.



From a] A scene on the Kasai River. [*Photograph.*

I had not guessed that he was a Mission boy before, but now, in reply to my question, he told me. "I am a Catholic, and my name is Joseph," he said. Then my heart sank within me; for too often the Mission boy turns out to be a very much bigger scamp than his unregenerate brother.

This river trip resembled my recent train journey to a certain extent, for we were continually stopping in order to get wood from the forests. True, there were wood posts at intervals along the river banks; but unfortunately some other steamer had passed that way before us, and her captain had taken all the wood there was, so there was nothing for it but to cut our own.

One of the places at which we stopped was Leversville, where the enterprising soap manufacturers of that name have established a factory, the soap being made from palm oil. The day after I reached Kikwit there was great excitement amongst the natives over the arrest of a Portuguese, who had lashed a black boy almost to death and then crucified him, leaving him fixed thus in a swamp to die. The culprit was sent to Leopoldville to be tried.

On the second day numbers of native women came in to see me, as they had heard I was skilful as a "medicine man." One of them was carrying a baby suffering from bronchitis, and I persuaded her to leave the child with me so that I might try to cure it. I did what I could, and in the course of a day or two had the satisfaction of winning it back to convalescence. When the mother called she took it away without a word of thanks, and then, some days later, back she came to demand a present! I asked why, and she replied because she had left her child with me. I told her that I was the person who ought to have a present, whereupon she tried to smash my camera; but Jock, who was handy, showed his teeth suggestively, and she and her friends promptly took to flight.

The officers and civilians here were not at all fond of each other, and I witnessed rather an amusing instance of this during my short stay. A Kasai Company official was brought in, accused by an officer of molesting a chief. The

accused man came in riding a bull, and accompanied by the brother of the man whom he was supposed to have ill-treated. When the matter was investigated, the brother of the chief explained that it was the officer, not the civilian, who had been the delinquent !

I was very anxious to see if I could ride the bull, and, although its master warned me not to do so, I insisted, and, placing one foot in the stirrup, jumped up—only to find myself promptly deposited on the grass. I tried a second time, and this time, through some manœuvre of the intelligent animal, I landed on the shoulders of some natives. A third shot was more successful, and I actually "got there," with both feet in the stirrups ; but my triumph was rather dashed when the bull absolutely refused to move an inch.

His master tried to assist him with a stick, but the bull at once turned round, with horns lowered. Then a new whim seized him, and he started off at full gallop up a hill. I stuck on, and the rest of the party followed us at the top of their speed. Arrived at the top, my steed once more stood stock still, and as soon as his master came up down went his head. The natives now moved over to the other side and started a most unearthly yell. On this the bull took to his heels and went pounding down the hill at a cracking pace. It was a fine race, but I won it, for, just as he got to the bottom, his head went down and over it I sailed, a good first by about three lengths.



From a] Mrs. Roby on board the Kasai River steamer. [*Photograph.*

I was to start my march next morning, and the manager of the Kasai Company informed me that my porters would arrive at eight a.m. ; but nine and ten o'clock came and still there was no sight of them. At eleven o'clock they began to drop in by twos and threes, and this went on until two in the afternoon, by which hour they had actually all arrived, much to my surprise and gratification.

My next task was to get them over the Kasai River, on the other side of which lay a native village. From there I was to commence my march into the wilds, and there, too, my adventures began in earnest.

(*To be continued.*)



From a] The "Criccieth Castle." [*Painting.*

THE WRECK OF THE "CRICCIETH CASTLE."

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT THOMAS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. WIGFULL, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

The "Criccieth Castle" was lost last year in the Southern Atlantic during a terrific storm. In the following narrative Captain Thomas, her commander, describes how the crew were forced to abandon the vessel and take to the boats. It was mid-winter, and in what is perhaps the stormiest region in the world, and for the next eight days the ship's company endured the most terrible sufferings. Seven men were drowned, and one by one the others died of hunger, thirst, and the fearful cold, while day after day the captain sat at the steering-oar and watched his wife and four-year-old boy lying helpless in the water at the bottom of the leaking boat. Finally, when the survivors were too weak to pull on the oars or to hoist the sail, deliverance came in the nick of time. In these days of steam and wireless telegraphy, such stories of long-continued hardship and dogged endurance are growing rare.

IT was a happy crew and master that sailed on the good ship *Criccieth Castle* from Ballistas, an outlying island off the coast of Peru, on June 10th of last year. We were loaded with a valuable cargo of guano, and were bound for Antwerp direct. Little did I dream then that in a few short weeks we should have to abandon the vessel in mid-ocean, after battling against the severest storms it has been my lot to encounter, should lose fifteen of our number, and undergo some of the most terrible sufferings and privations that have ever befallen a shipwrecked crew.. For eight days we were drifting about on the high seas, in a leaky open boat, in one of the stormiest regions in the world, suffering from hunger and thirst. To add to the horrors of the situation it was mid-winter, when the cold in this region—between Cape Horn and the Falkland Islands—is of Antarctic severity. In addition to the crew I had my wife and little son, aged four, with me.

Like most shipmasters, I was very proud of my vessel. I had served thirteen years in her

and knew every plank and rivet in her hull. She was an iron-built, full-rigged sailing-ship, of 1,920 tons gross and classed A1 at Lloyd's. She belonged to Messrs. R. Thomas and Co., of Liverpool, with whom I have had the pleasure of serving for the last eighteen years. Our crew numbered twenty-two hands all told, while, in addition, I had two passengers, my wife and child. They had been to sea with me before, so were well acquainted with life on a sailing-ship; in fact, they had been on the *Criccieth Castle* since June, 1909, and during those three years had circumnavigated the globe twice. Our vessel was thoroughly seaworthy in every sense of the word, and I looked forward to a good run home after our long sojourn in foreign climes.

We took on board at Ballistas about two thousand eight hundred tons of guano, so we were by no means overloaded, and then set sail for Antwerp. Nothing unusual happened until we were abreast of Valparaiso, when we encountered a very heavy south-west gale which lasted for forty-eight hours, during which we lost several new sails—literally torn to ribbons by the force of the wind. Hardly had the storm abated before the weather again turned black and another gale beat down upon us. Then, for a period of three weeks on end, we had a succession of fearful storms, with hardly a break between them, accompanied by heavy gales of wind of cyclonic character, which necessitated the free use of oil to prevent the tremendous seas breaking on board. Despite these storms we safely weathered the Horn, when everyone breathed more freely, looking forward to better weather, as the strain upon us had been very severe.

The sky, however, was still overcast and the seas were running high, and on Sunday, July 14th, at about 11 p.m., in latitude 54·23 south and longitude 61·12 west, a tremendous gale sprang up from the north-west. The upper topsails were at once got in, and at midnight all hands furled the foresail and the ship was hove-to under lower topsails and storm staysails. The gale steadily increased in violence, and there were mountainous seas running. I knew we were in for a rough time of it—and, sure enough, it was not long in coming. About two o'clock on the Monday morning, while I was at the standard compass and the chief officer on the poop aft, a tremendous sea struck the ship under the quarter, breaking the rudder-stock in the immediate vicinity of the horseshoe plate.

At first I thought we had struck a submerged wreck or an iceberg, the noise being terrific, and I was fearful as to what had actually happened. When I discovered that we had not run into anything I imagined the steering-gear must have been broken or carried away. Accordingly I gave orders for extra tackles to be put on the tiller, and it was not until these had been placed in position that I found out that it was the rudder itself that had gone. All attempts to repair it proved futile, on account of the heavy seas. Left to the fury of the waves, it was not long before the shell plating left the stern-post, and water began to rush into the vessel.

I sent the chief officer down the after-hold to see if all was in order. He came up a little later and reported that the ship was leaking badly all the way down the stern-post. There was nothing to be done but to man the pumps, but this proved impossible on account of the decks being continually flooded by the heavy seas. Accordingly I ordered all hands on deck and commenced to jettison the cargo through the poop ventilators, as it was impossible to remove the hatches in such a high sea. My idea was to lighten the vessel so as to give her more freeboard, when the pumps could be used.

After working our hardest for some hours, however, during which time we threw several tons overboard, we discovered to our dismay that the weight of water which had come in was in excess of the weight of cargo which had been thrown overboard, so that the ship had actually less freeboard than when we commenced to jettison the cargo. This was most disheartening, but at four o'clock the weather began to improve, and by six o'clock the sea moderated sufficiently to allow the pumps to be manned. To our horror we then discovered them to be perfectly useless, having become choked with the guano. We persevered with them for an hour, but all in vain; they refused to work.

I was now faced with the alternative of either remaining on the ship and going down with her, as it was impossible to keep her afloat much longer, or taking to the boats. Naturally I chose the latter course. But how were we to get the boats out without damaging them? Our gig had already been smashed in, so we only had two boats left.

Although the weather had moderated a lot since the time of the accident, at nine a.m., when we decided to leave the ship, the sea was still running high and the vessel was rolling fearfully. I accordingly gave orders for the side to be padded with a view to making a soft bed for the boats in case they were dashed against the hull by the heavy seas. Sails were taken from the sail-locker and lashed to the side of the ship, and we got our provisions and stores out and made ready for launching the boats.

Despite all our precautions we had a bad



"A tremendous sea struck the ship under the quarter."

mishap in lowering our largest boat, the life-boat. The ropes which we used as guys were unfortunately new. Just as the davit tackles were being pulled upon, and while the boat was swinging, the ship gave a tremendous roll. This caused the new guys to stretch so much that the boat crashed against the davits with terrific force, straining the little craft in every plank from keel to gunwale. I had placed my wife and little son in the boat, with the sailmaker, steward, and carpenter, before it left the chocks, and the sudden and unexpected crash nearly threw them all into the sea.

I was considerably relieved when I found that the damage was not more serious, as I feared that the boat might have been rendered utterly unseaworthy. It was a very anxious time, but after further efforts we managed to get the boat into the water. Here it was repeatedly dashed against the padded side of the ship, and it was fortunate that the precaution of providing a soft bed for it had been taken, as otherwise it would speedily have been pounded to pieces. The violent motion of the little craft on the high sea that was running caused Mrs. Thomas—who was in a

delicate condition—to become very seasick, and she and our little son lay helpless at the bottom of the boat, submerged in icy-cold water up to their waists. One minute the lifeboat would be level with the rail of the ship, and the next ten or fifteen feet below, tossed up and down on the great waves like a cork.

I must leave the reader to imagine my feelings and the mental and physical strain I was enduring as I shouted to them to be brave, and then turned to superintend the launching of our other boat and getting the crew safely transferred. This was no easy task, and could only be carried out as opportunity occurred. Night was fast coming on, and there was every appearance of the weather again turning bad. The wind and sea were gradually rising, the sky was overcast, and a cold drizzling rain was falling. I placed the mate, Mr. W. A. Gale, in charge of the longboat, with six of the crew, taking charge myself of the lifeboat, in which were Mrs. Thomas and our son, the second mate, carpenter, sailmaker, steward, and ten seamen—seventeen souls in all. When I stepped into the lifeboat the water was up to my knees, for the boat was leaking as a result of her planks having been strained.

We pushed off and pulled away, and when we last saw our gallant ship through the darkness she appeared like a huge living thing struggling for life, rolling and pitching violently, with her decks aft nearly awash. One of my last acts before leaving her was to shoot a live pig which we had on board, and also kill a number of fowls we carried. As a matter of fact, we only got away in the nick of time; if we had left it a little later, I am convinced we should all have gone down with the vessel.

In the lifeboat I had placed two kegs of water and enough bread for ten or twelve days, as well as a case of tinned meat. Similar provisions had been placed in the longboat. My idea was to make for the Falkland Islands, about a hundred and eighty miles away, the nearest point of land. Although I was fully alive to the dangers of our position, for we were in open boats, and leaky at that, in one of the stormiest regions in the world, where it is also bitterly cold in mid-winter, I expected to pull through all right.

It soon dawned upon us, however, that another gale was springing up. By nine o'clock that night it was blowing a hurricane and the sea was running literally mountains high. It was impossible to make any progress, and so I ordered the boats to heave to with sea-anchors to which were attached bags full of oil. In the darkness we lost sight of the longboat, but expected to see it next morning, as I had given orders that the boats were to keep together. When morning dawned, however, after a most miserable and anxious night, the mate's boat was nowhere to be seen. We scanned the horizon in every direction and speculated as to what had become of our companions, surmising all sorts of things. First of all we thought that they had been picked up by some passing ship, but finally came reluctantly to the conclusion that their frail craft had been capsized in the storm and all of them drowned. Probably their boat drifted some distance away from us before the catastrophe happened, and any cries for help would have been inaudible amid the roar of the storm.



Mr. W. A. Gale, the mate, who was drowned, together with six other members of the crew, owing to the foundering of the longboat.
From a Photograph.

Needless to say, this tragedy saddened and dispirited us beyond description. We were now left to fight for our lives alone, and a grim fight it was destined to be—against hunger and thirst, mountainous seas, and the freezing, numbing cold. Snow was now falling, accompanied by stinging showers of hail, and we were all wet through to the skin, despite heavy clothing, oilskins, and topboots. Indeed, it is nothing short of miraculous that we did not all perish the first night, huddled



"A blanket was quickly hoisted as a distress signal."

up as we were in the icy flood rushing hither and thither in the bottom of the labouring boat. The sun had hardly risen, however, before our troubles were temporarily forgotten, for we caught sight of a big four-masted barque running before the wind under topsails and foresail. A blanket was quickly hoisted as a distress signal, and all hands raised a shout. The men got very excited, seeing help so close, and worked themselves up into such a frenzied state that I was compelled to remonstrate with them, pointing out that if they acted so foolishly the disappointment, if we should not happen to be seen, would o ly tell upon them.

The barque drew steadily nearer, till she was only about a mile distant, and we could plainly see her men aloft getting in the upper topsails. We shouted our loudest, waved our garments, and generally acted like madmen, but the big vessel passed on unheeding. It is only charitable to suppose that we were not seen; anyway, the barque gradually drew away and was lost to view.

Bitterly disappointed at this blow to our hopes, worn out with toil, and suffering keenly from the cold, most of the men sank into a semi-conscious state, from which three of them never rallied. The horrors of the next few days can be better imagined than described. At dusk, while it was still blowing a whole gale of wind, with a terrible sea running, we all began to suffer from delusions, apparently caused by the intense cold. I was at the steering-oar at the time, where I had been since we left the ship on the previous day; I stuck to this post for a whole week, with the exception of a few hours' respite. A remarkable fact about these delusions is that one and all of us imagined we saw the same things at the same time. At first we thought

we were all safe on our ship. The sailmaker remarked, gravely: "I am going to the galley for my coffee"; another man said he was going for a walk on deck to take the stiffness out of his legs. Then we thought we saw a long white building close to the starboard side of the boat.

One of the articles which we had been using to bale out the water was a white enamel basin, about twelve inches in diameter. Presently the second officer called out to me: "Look at this basin, captain," he said. "What a monster, isn't it?" As a matter of fact, I had noticed it before he spoke, and it seemed to me to be some three feet in diameter instead of one; it appeared to my disordered imagination like an immense white tub. A little later the second officer touched me and said, "Look at that man's face!" pointing to one of the members of the crew. I looked, and it appeared to me to be three or four times its normal size. I drew my wife's attention to it, and when she glanced up at me her face appeared the same, while she informed me that my own had grown to four or five times its usual size. In the same way we imagined we saw a lot of other strange things—houses, streets, roads, and so on.

I have since thought it very strange that we should have experienced these delusions after having undergone only some twenty-four hours' exposure in an open boat, bitter though the exposure was. Stranger still, we experienced the hallucinations during part of one night only.

I was now barely conscious, but tried hard to pull myself together, for I realized the seriousness of our position. Fortunately, I managed to retain my reasoning powers, and was able to manœuvre the boat with the steering-oar. If I had once let it go for a moment our little craft would have got broadside on to the tremendous seas which were running, which would have meant an instantaneous capsize.

At seven o'clock that night came the first tragedy—it was reported to me that A.B. Anfors was dead. Ten minutes later someone reported P. J. Subra, the steward, as dead, and soon after came the tidings that Makarate, the cabin steward, had passed away. "It is the beginning of the end," I thought.

One of the seamen suggested throwing the bodies into the sea, but I said: "No; give the poor fellows a chance to cool."

"They cannot cool any more, captain," he replied; "they are absolutely frozen. It is the cold that has killed them."

I kept the bodies in the boat for another five hours, till about midnight, when, as reverently as the circumstances would permit, we committed them to the



Captain Thomas, with his wife and little son, who were with him on the "Criccieth Castle," and who shared with him the terrible experiences and privations of an eight days' voyage in an open boat in mid-winter.
From a Photo. by] [*Duryea's Studio, Port Pirie.*

deep, after removing their oilskins, which were wrapped around Mrs. Thomas and our little son, who lay, more dead than alive, in the bottom of the boat, half buried in water, which washed this way and that with the movement of the boat. A native of Holyhead, who assisted in heaving the bodies of our unfortunate comrades overboard, remarked: "My word! what an easy way of dying—being frozen to death! I hope we shall all go like that, if we are to die." Little did the poor fellow think, when he uttered those words, that he was doomed to suffer for six days longer and then die miserably in the bottom of the boat, with the icy-cold water washing over him!

When Wednesday morning dawned we were, indeed, in a sad and sorry plight. Our bread had become soaked with sea water, and was like so much pulp. Our stomachs turned against the horrible stuff, as it only made us sick to eat it. Our stock of water also was getting very low. Unfortunately, one keg had been consumed during the first night—a fact I only discovered next day. It must be remembered that all the time I was steering the men were busy baling out the water with any receptacle they could get hold of, and during these operations they drank the water, unknown to me. When I discovered this I took the remaining keg and placed it at my feet, doling it out afterwards a cupful at a time twice a day. As a final piece of ill-luck, we had been compelled to throw our case of tinned meat overboard to lighten our over-burdened craft in the heavy seas. The spare oars were also got rid of in the same way, and several other articles as well. I am convinced that if the three men who had died had lived, our boat would have sunk under our weight.

At eight o'clock on the Wednesday I was washed clean overboard from my post at the steering-oar. A tremendous gale was still raging, and there was a particularly heavy sea. Fortunately the boat had no headway at the time, as it had been hove-to, and was merely kept head-on to the sea with the oar in question. The sailmaker made a rush toward the oar immediately he saw what had happened, for it was very important that the boat should be kept bows-on to the great waves that were running, or else it would have capsized.

As for me, the next sea that came along nearly threw the boat on top of me, but fortunately I managed to get my arm over the gunwale and the other arm through the life-line. My hands were too badly frost-bitten for me to hang on by them, and at this critical moment they proved absolutely useless to me.

All the crew, too, were in the same cruel predicament—their hands frost-bitten, swollen out like puddings, black as ink, and so numbed and devoid of feeling that they could make no use of them. When they baled out the water they had to use their wrists. None of them stirred to help me into the boat; they were so numbed and exhausted that they could hardly move. My wife and the second officer, however, appealed to them to make the effort, saying that unless I was saved we should never get ashore. I knew I could not hold on much longer, and was fast losing consciousness. I had my heavy top-boots on, my wet clothes were literally frozen to my limbs, and I felt as if I were being dragged down.

But my men, after my wife's appeal, gallantly came to my rescue, and by superhuman efforts managed to get me into the boat by clutching hold of me with their teeth and arms. Once inboard, they placed me, face downwards, on the oars until I recovered from the shock. The second officer was delighted when he saw that I was safe, and remarked that it was a good omen, and that he was now sure we should reach land in safety.

As soon as I had recovered from my immersion I resumed duty at the steering-oar. About noon misfortune again befell us, for A.B. Kaniegisser died, and just before dusk we managed, with great difficulty, to slide his body over the side of the boat into the water.

At about midnight of the same day A.B. Joseph Smith died, and at daylight on Thursday this, the fifth body, was consigned to the deep. The weather had now moderated considerably, fortunately for us, and it kept fairly fine until that night, when once again it began to blow a tremendous gale from the north-west, with a terrific sea, which continued until some time in the afternoon of the following day, when the wind veered round suddenly to the south-west in a heavy squall. The wind blew much harder after shifting to the south-west, rising at times to a hurricane force, and the sudden shift of wind was also responsible for a fearful cross sea, making it difficult for our little boat to live. Some time during Friday night the gale moderated a lot, and by four o'clock on Saturday morning the wind had dropped to such an extent that we were enabled for the first time to set a small jib on our craft.

At dawn on Saturday we sighted land right ahead of us, my wife being the first to see it. This gave us fresh courage, and we thought our sufferings—we had now spent six days in the boat, practically without food—would soon be at an end. I thought it was the Falklands, and in consequence took in the jib, and waited until daylight before attempting a landing.



"I was washed clean overboard from my post at the steering-oar."

Then, to my sorrow, I discovered that it was the uninhabited Beauchenes Islands, about thirty miles south of the Falklands. We were bitterly disappointed, needless to say, but set sail at once and made for the Falklands, and no one can imagine our jubilation when, about noon, we sighted our goal.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we landed on a part of the East Falklands, in a beautiful creek. Surely now, we thought, we should find succour, and our trials would be over. We were all suffering terribly for want of water, our last keg being now exhausted, despite the fact that we had reduced the ration to less than half a cup a day. Some of the seamen were in a fearful condition, their swollen tongues hanging out nearly to the chin.

The ground where we landed was covered with snow, and we fell upon our knees and commenced sucking it, but unfortunately it turned every one of us sick. Then we discovered a pool of brackish water, which we greedily drank. Finally we fell down, on the snow, utterly exhausted, and remained there all night.

At daylight on Sunday, accompanied by the carpenter, the strongest man in the party,

I went inland to look for help, as I knew we could not hold out much longer, and none of the others were fit to travel. It was an exceedingly trying journey over the rocky ground, and more often than not we had to crawl over the rough boulders on our hands and knees, our feet being so numbed that we could not walk properly. After great physical sufferings we covered about five miles, when it was made plain to us that misfortune was still dogging us. We were on an uninhabited part of the Falklands, where no succour could be hoped for.

We returned to our companions about noon and reported the non-success of our mission. Their disappointment was intense. I had left my wife and child in a very perilous condition, and I should not have been at all surprised to have found them dead when I returned. Thank Heaven ! they were still alive, but so badly frost-bitten and ill that they were absolutely helpless. The sight of them wrung my heart, but I could do nothing to alleviate their sufferings.

About two o'clock that afternoon we detected a small coaster in the offing, hull down, and I decided to try to catch her. We at once made preparations to embark, but unfortunately we were very much hampered on account of our weak condition. One poor fellow, who was nearly dead, we had to lift bodily into the boat, using our teeth and arms to do so. He appealed to me to let him lie and die where he was. "If your heart is not frozen and you have one spark of sympathy in you, you will let me die where I am, captain," he moaned. Removing him, in his terrible plight, was simply torture, but I could not let him remain behind. This man was the poor fellow who had remarked that being frozen to death was an easy way of dying.

Over an hour elapsed between the time we first saw the vessel and when we were ready to put off. Night was fast coming on, and in addition the sky presented a wild and terrifying appearance, heralding the approach of another storm. The wind was now blowing off the land and we made good progress towards the distant sail. But fate was against us once more : after sailing right out to sea for about an hour we found it impossible to overtake the vessel, and had to abandon the effort. Worn out with toil, hunger, and thirst, we now began to feel the effects of the brackish water we had drunk and the snow we had eaten. Some of the men presented a terrifying appearance, foaming at the mouth like mad dogs.

The wind was now fast increasing and the sea rapidly rising. We were from six to eight miles from the shore, and it was desirable to get back to land again. As already stated, the wind was blowing off the shore, necessitating the use of the oars instead of the sail for the return journey. When I ordered, "Out oars and pull for the shore," the men, with the little energy they had left, put out the oars, but failed to pull, having no feeling whatever in their hands, which had by this time swollen to three and four times their normal size. However, they gallantly and pluckily did their best with their arms, being fully alive to the danger we were in, for the fast-increasing wind threatened to drive us right out to sea again.

After some time it became clear we were making no headway—were not even holding our own. Very soon the men became utterly exhausted ; they could do no more. Dropping their oars, they fell back one by one, completely played out.

Our little craft was now leaking badly as the result of having been buffeted about for so many days. All Sunday night we were shipping water, and every moment I thought the boat would sink under us. We were kept busy baling all through the night, my poor lads holding the balers as best they could with their wrists and teeth. When morning dawned things did not improve ; if anything they became worse, and I felt certain this must be our last day. We had now been battling against fearful odds for eight days, and I felt the end must be near—and the sooner it came the better, I thought. I had reached the limit of human resistance. Then, as I glanced at my men, haggard and worn, their eyes protruding from their sockets and their tongues hanging out of their mouths, and at my poor wife and child lying helpless in the water in the bottom of our craft, a revulsion of feeling swept over me. I realized that all of them were looking to me to pull them through, and I made up my mind to fight to the last.

At about two o'clock that morning the sail-maker reported to me at the steering-oar that Roberts, the native of Holyhead, was dead. This was the poor fellow who had appealed to me to let him die on the beach. It was now blowing a whole gale, with squalls of hurricane force. I did not know from what direction it was blowing at the time, as the glass of the compass had been broken to pieces through being washed about in the boat when she shipped a huge sea. I was under the impression that the gale was still blowing from the land, and I think none of us ever expected to see the shore again. The wind, however, had providentially changed round during the night, and shortly after daylight we found, to our intense delight, that, instead of being out of sight of land, we were only three or four miles from it. We were, nevertheless, in a very critical situation, lying helpless

in a little open boat on a lee-shore—the coast of one of the rockiest regions in the world.

Every seaman who is acquainted with this locality knows full well how it can blow from the south there, and what the sea is like at such times. We were now faced with a terrible alternative: either to drift ashore before the raging gale on to the cruel rocks, or set sail and try to weather a point of land about fifteen miles away, where we should get a little shelter from the wind and raging sea. I chose the latter course. The question now was how to put up the mast and set the sail. There was no time to lose, as the little boat was fast drifting towards the rocky shore. We were all so weak that we could not even move the mast, let alone set it up. Then a happy thought occurred to me—to use the sprit of the sail as a mast, and this saved the situation. The boat's bow was turned towards the headland, and she began to edge away from the danger. When we were well under way I decided to consign the body of the dead seaman in the bottom of the boat to the deep. It took us nearly an hour to slide the corpse over the side, we were so weak. This poor fellow, like myself, had not partaken of a morsel of food since we left the ship, over a week previously.



Mr. Sully, the lighthouse-keeper at Cape Pembroke.
From a Photograph.



Nurse Whieldon, who was sent to the lighthouse by the Governor at Port Stanley to attend to Mrs. Thomas and the shipwrecked sailors.
From a Photograph.

After sailing for some three or four hours we sighted the wireless poles of Port Stanley, and about noon came into view of the lighthouse of Cape Pembroke. The gale was still raging, and our difficulty was to find a spot where we could land safely. It almost looked as if, at the last moment, after spending so many terrible days and enduring such hardships, we should be lost just as a haven of refuge came in sight. The coast here is very treacherous, studded with dangerous rocks. It is bad enough to manœuvre a small boat among them in a calm sea with a fresh crew, but we had no strength left, and were absolutely at the mercy of the wind and waves. Presently we were driven close in shore, and I ordered out the oars, though I knew the men had little strength left to manipulate them. By this time we had luckily been seen by Mr. Sully, the lighthouse-keeper at Cape Pembroke. I detected a small creek, known as the Gulch, at the base of the cliffs on which the lighthouse stood, and steered for it. I afterwards learned that this is the spot where provisions for the lighthouse-men are landed. There was a big sea running and a particularly heavy swell. A big wave caught us and landed us upon a shoal, where we were nearly swamped, but a second wave carried us over this reef and deposited the boat right against the rock where the lighthouse-men land. At that moment one of the keepers jumped into our craft and quickly made it fast, and then he and his assistant dragged us out of the boat, one at a time, as opportunity occurred.

The brave lighthouse-keepers worked hard and took many risks before they deposited us safely on the shore. Then they carried us bodily—we could not stand, let alone

:—over the rocks up to their tower, and we athed a fervent prayer of thankfulness. They k Mrs. Thomas first, and then our little son. ey put us in a big room, lit a blazing fire, d gave us hot coffee to drink and bread and utter to eat. Oh, the delights of the warmth nd the good food!

Meanwhile Mr. Sully had telephoned to Port Stanley, advising the authorities there of the rescue and of our sad plight. The governor at once dispatched Dr. Browne, formerly medical officer to the Derry Workhouse, with a guide to the lighthouse, some four and a half miles away — not an easy journey over the rough boulders, with the tremendous wind that was blowing at the time.

Meanwhile the governor ordered the Government launch *Penguin* to proceed to the lighthouse, bringing Nurse Whieldon and a plentiful supply of warm clothing and blankets, to take us back to Port Stanley. The doctor cut our clothes off with a knife, for they had literally frozen to our poor bodies. My little son's feet had swollen to such an extent that they had burst through his boots, and when the doctor had cut away the leather he remarked that it would be necessary to amputate his feet, as he feared blood-poisoning. He would do that in the morning, he added. To our great delight, circulation returned during the night, and the little chap's feet were saved.



Captain Thomas's four-year-old son.
From a Photo. by F. Duryea, Port Pirie.

As soon as we had been dressed in warm clothing and wrapped in blankets, we were carried down to the launch, and at half-past eleven that night were put to bed in the Victoria Cottage Home at Port Stanley. Unfortunately, despite the care and attention that was given them, two men died in the hospital. We all remained in the hospital several weeks, and our sufferings were terrible. Two poor fellows, William Summers and G. Ostertram, had to have all their toes amputated, and others had to have fingers and toes removed to prevent blood-poisoning as a result of the frost-bites. Everyone was very kind to us at Port Stanley, and did their best for us, and we shall ever feel grateful to them.

After we had become convalescent we returned home by the steamer *Oropesa* to Liverpool. They had to carry Mrs. Thomas and my little son aboard, and my wife remained in bed for another three weeks. I walked to the steamer on crutches, being unable even then to use my feet and legs owing to the frost-bites, while not till my little son reached Liverpool was he able to put his feet to the ground and walk.

A Board of Trade inquiry was held to inquire into the loss of the ship, and I was completely exonerated from all blame, and congratulated upon our wonderful and miraculous escape. I am glad to say my brave wife completely recovered, and two months after our landing presented me with a daughter. I doubt whether any woman has ever experienced and survived such a terrible ordeal as she was, unfortunately, called upon to pass through.

'TWIXT THE MATTERHORN AND MONT BLANC.

Some Guideless Climbing Adventures.

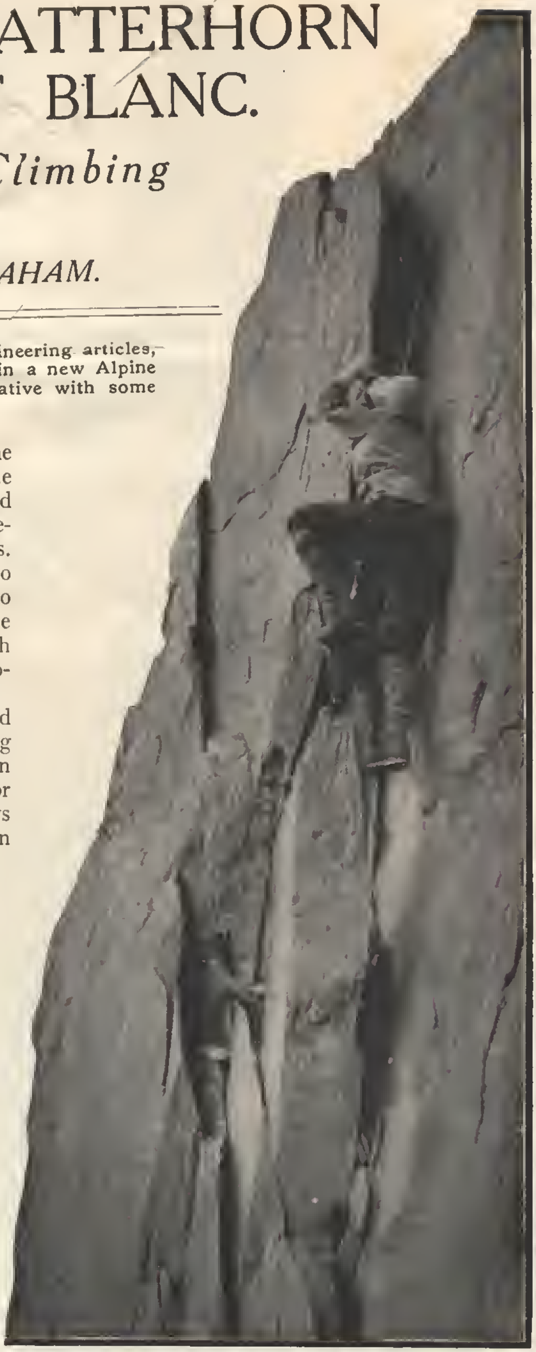
By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

Another of Mr. Abraham's fascinating mountaineering articles, this time dealing with some exciting climbs in a new Alpine playground. The author illustrates his narrative with some very remarkable photographs.

IN these days Alpine travel has become a popular craze, yet none but the mountaineer who leaves railways and beaten tracks far behind can appreciate the real pleasures of the Alps. It is a revelation of a new world to penetrate into the vast solitudes of the everlasting snows; to wrestle with grim crags and finally stand on some towering summit overlooking scenes of such beauty and magnificence that to attempt description seems almost sacrilege.

As the years go by it is becoming more and more difficult to get away from the "madding crowd," and places that were once almost unknown are now spoilt by crowds of tourists. Still, for the mountain enthusiast there are many valleys almost untouched by the onset of modern civilization, though the ubiquitous Swiss hotel manager soon appears in promising climbing resorts and his patrons are usually not uncivilized enough to refuse the comforts he offers. In the long, secluded valleys that cut deep into that veritable sea of mountains 'twixt the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc there are many ideal retreats for the lover of mountain solitude. Of these the most beautiful is the Val d'Hérens, with its lofty upper branch containing the weather-beaten *châlets* and large, comfortable hotels of Arolla.

It was a midsummer morning when a party of four of us, bound for Arolla, left the Simplon express at Sion, in the Rhone Valley. Here we chartered a prehistoric-looking vehicle, fearfully and wonderfully made, and with a horse to match, to carry luggage and climbers up into the heart of the mountains. First of all we walked up a long hill



The last man on the rope finishing the difficult "chimney" on the Aiguilles Rouges.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

nearly two thousand feet in height, which led out of the Rhone Valley and up into the more level and loftier Val d'H rens.

Now we partook of the discomforts of our carriage. The apology for a road trended gently upwards along the right-hand side of the narrow valley. High up above us vegetation clung sparsely to bold, rocky buttresses ; a thousand feet below us the torrent roared and thundered, now hidden beneath a screen of greenery, anon flashing out into the sunlight amidst the ruin of its weather-shattered retaining walls. It was a disturbing experience to be driven along this crumbling escarpment in a broken-down, rope-harnessed vehicle whose wobbling wheels wandered perilously near the edge of the abyss. There were terrific glimpses of the quickest way down into the thousand-foot gulf, but familiarity had bred contempt in our Jehu, and he attempted to comfort us by stating that nobody had yet fallen quite so far as the torrent. This was not exactly reassuring ; the same may be said of his indication of a certain damaged tree far below, where a falling carriage and its occupants once hung suspended over the gulf. However, in the early evening we reached Evolena safely, and gazed with pleasure on the great peaks looming grandly in the twilight above pine-sheltered *châlets* and a welcome hotel.

Early next morning, with our luggage on mule-back, we walked up a still higher branch valley to Arolla, and on the way scrambled up to the right of the track to climb the Dent de Satarma. The ascent of this aggressive-looking pinnacle proved somewhat of a gymnastic feat, and on the upper part the situation was distinctly thrilling because of the scarcity of hand and foot holds. The great cliff on the right slanted down fearsomely. One's eye, on the downward glance for a foothold, saw nothing but an inch-wide ledge ; below it, beyond a thousand feet of space, lay the tiny *châlets* of Satarma basking amidst sunny pastures. It was the first climb of the holiday, and there was a tendency to cling almost too carefully to the small handholds, which were only just large enough to make one realize



Climbing the Dent de Satarma, a favourite rock-peak in the new Alpine playground.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.



The beautiful Arolla Valley.—Mont Collon towers up in the background.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

that he had a life to lose. The descent proved easier than expected, and then we scrambled down across the slopes, to finally reach Arolla late in the afternoon.

The pine-encircled little village is situated nearly seven thousand feet above sea-level, with splendid peaks on every hand. It is an ideal spot for guideless climbing. The Aiguilles Rouges, the Dents des Veisivi, and the Aiguille de la Za are the grandest rock-peaks; whilst of snow-climbs, the Pigne d'Arolla, twelve thousand four hundred and seventy-one feet high, and the loftiest Arolla mountain, ranks as favourite, with Mont Collon a good second. Next morning we began our guideless raid on these heights.

It was shortly after dawn, and Arolla was four hours' journey below. All round us was mist, nothing but mist, white and impenetrable. The only solid bit of visible world to which we clung was a few vertical feet of the Petite Dent de Veisivi. Two thousand feet of perpendicularity lay below; this much we knew after hours of fierce fighting with the force of gravitation. Above, all was unknown—a mist-wreathed mystery; yet somewhere overhead the narrow rock ridge to which we clung must end near the shapely summit spire.

Upward again we mounted, no sound but that of human exertion breaking the stillness of the vast hidden abysses. At last the sharp nose of the ridge, a veritable highway, gave way to shattered rocks and, consequently, less certainty of the route. Half an hour later we seemed hopelessly lost on the great cliff. An impending bulge of unassailable precipice overshadowed me after I had fought my way inch by inch up the vertical cliff; to the left or right there was no escape. It was a lonely feeling to hang thus suspended amidst misty nothingness, with friends fifty feet below and helpless to aid. The rope which swung downwards from my waist seemed my only connection with the world present, and so precarious was my holding that a careless tug would have landed me into the world to come. However, a descent at a rational speed was the only resource, and this was achieved after many anxious moments. The rope, hitched over a friendly outstanding spike of rock, ensured comparative safety at the worst part.

Meanwhile the mist had been gradually vanishing. Now it swept aside like a huge white

curtain, and mountains of a thousand forms stood out sharp and clear, gleaming in brilliant sunshine and flecked with wisps of fleeting vapour. But most interesting of all was a broad ledge slanting to the right about twenty feet below where we were foregathered. This proved the key tô success. We traversed it carefully and almost breathlessly at one impending spot, for the place was recognized as the scene of the terrible disaster to the Hopkinson family a few years ago. The exact cause of the disaster will never be known, because the whole party perished, including Dr. John Hopkinson, his son, and two daughters. When the bodies were found at the base of the two-thousand-foot precipice the rope was intact between them. It seemed that the younger man of the party had been allowed to lead, and his sister came second. With such a frail follower a slip on the leader's part could not be checked, and so proved disastrous to all.

And now the huge black jaws of the great gully yawned below us as though awaiting more victims; but forewarned is forearmed, and every precaution was adopted. Then, after passing across the face, an icy chimney was entered where the frozen covering had to be cleared off every hand and foot hold with an ice-axe. Half an hour later, from the tapering summit, we were greeting many old friends amongst the glorious array of Alpine giants. The Matterhorn was there on our left, capped with his midday cloud, and some of the Mont Blanc range rose dimly away to the right, with hundreds of lesser but more interesting peaks between.

Only one place gave us trouble during the descent, and here our leader became stranded on an ice-slope covered with loose snow that had



The "Corner" on the way up the Petite Dent de Veisivi.—It was from this spot that the Hopkinsons fell, a whole party of four perishing.
From a Photo. by] [*Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.*

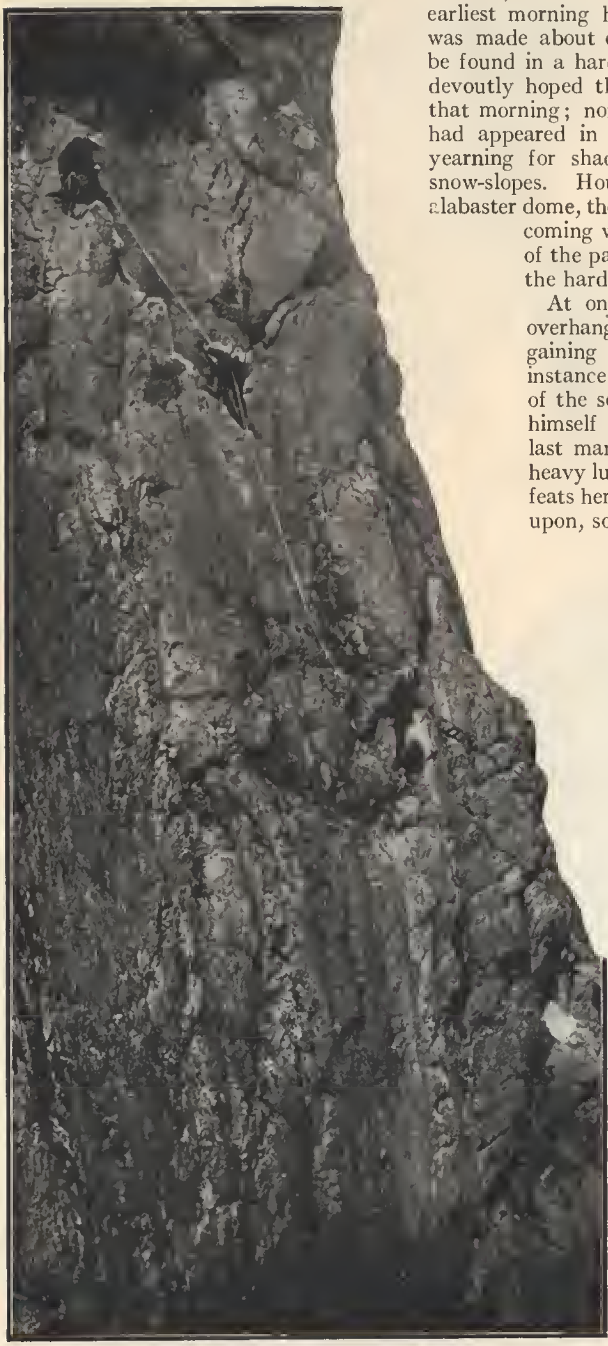


Ticklish going—At any moment the snow may slip and bring about an avalanche.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

melted in the sun. The startling "swish!" as the snow slid off the ice, carrying our companions with it, was sufficient warning for our watchful second climber to give a timely haul on the rope. From this small beginning a great avalanche was formed, and its augmented thundering down the vast precipice beneath us on to the snowfield reminded us of our fate had there been naught but unpreparedness for the venture. Steps in the bare ice-slope had now to be cut with the ice-axe, and after regaining the easy rocks we scrambled quickly down them to the long snow-slope below the peak. Here we sat down, one behind the other, and, each clutching the man in front round the waist, glissaded at tremendous speed down a thousand feet or more to the level snows within sound of the tinkling bells on the Alpe Zarmine above Arolla.

The next climb was over the snowy Pigne



Scaling the Aiguille de la Za on the steep lower slabs.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

d'Arolla, on a hot day of cloudless beauty. Yet the earliest morning hours were bitterly cold, because a start was made about one a.m., in order that the snow might be found in a hard, frozen condition for the ascent. We devoutly hoped there would be no hitch in the sunrise that morning; nor was there. An hour after the sun had appeared in a glare of golden splendour we were yearning for shade on the white, pitiless, everlasting snow-slopes. Hour after hour we trudged up the huge alabaster dome, the only break in the perspiring monotony coming when the weight of the heavier members of the party made them suddenly break through the hard crust of snow.

At one point some striking crevasses with overhanging upper lips had to be negotiated in gaining the summit ridge. In one particular instance our leader had to mount on the shoulders of the second climber before he could establish himself above the overhanging lip of ice. The last man of the party, who was conveying the heavy luggage, performed some amusing dangling feats here. He had no friendly shoulder to stand upon, so he eventually stood on his head under the overhanging lip of the crevasse, the while we hauled him up feet first. The misadventure came about through our pulling him up on the rope too suddenly until he became jammed under the impending ice. His muffled shouts were understood to mean more "haul," and until he was able to kick backwards from the ice the position must have been a warm one, judging from the heated remarks that followed. The summit was gained shortly afterwards, and while we lingered, on photography intent, the hero of the crevasse consoled himself with the contents of a suspicious - looking bottle.

Uncertain weather now set in, and only expeditions at low levels could be made. Mont Collon was unsuccessfully challenged in a snowstorm, but the gruff old monster began a cannonade of avalanches that eventually chased us valley-wards. The Aiguilles Rouges proved a magnificent rock-climb, and an exciting day was spent traversing the many pinnacles which led to the summit. The icy conditions made success uncertain until the very last, and we were constantly forced on to the difficult rocks on the sunny side of the peak, where an ascent of a dangerous chimney took toll of our rock-shattered garments. Then an icy wind on the summit almost blew through us and spoiled the enjoyment



The Bertol Hut, over eleven thousand feet above sea-level.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

of the crowning prospect. Finally, a whirling snow-shower hastened the descent.

A few days later we started out for the most famous and interesting of the Arolla peaks, the Aiguille de la Za. It was to be our last climb, and after its achievement arrangements were made to continue across the glacier pass of the Col d'Hérens to Zermatt, where the railway and our luggage would be joined. The weather was perfect as we set forth for the Bertol Hut, where the night *en route* had to be spent. Old Sol scorched us unmercifully, and, owing to the late start, the conditions above the snow-line proved absolutely sloppy. There were several snow-covered crevasses to negotiate, and our heavy porter, with a great load of luggage on his back, unintentionally explored the interior of one of these. He fell through the soft snow so suddenly that two of us were nearly pulled along with him into the chilly depths of the glacier. Being next on the rope, I involuntarily had an appalling view into the blue-black depths of the crevasse where the unfortunate porter dangled, yelling for help and, sad to relate, swearing volubly in German, French, and English. His rescue proved somewhat difficult, but, by lowering a spare rope, on which he was able to pull, and all hoisting with a mighty heave on the rope around his waist, we landed him safe but sore out of his trying position.

After continuous floundering through the soft snow we reached the hut in a soaked condition, so we hung our wet garments out to dry on the hot rocks and took a prolonged sun-bath in our "birthday clothes." The rest of the afternoon was spent in photography and enjoyment of the magnificent views around the hut. The Bertol Cabane, to give it its full title, is the second loftiest hut in Switzerland, being situated eleven thousand one hundred and fifty-five feet above sea-level. It is perched on a small island of rock which peeps out of the biggest glacier system in the Alps.

We were astir at two a.m. next morning, and gazed somewhat disconsolately on the black, mist-shrouded solitudes; but the barometer continued to rise and our spirits followed its example. Half an hour later we had disposed of breakfast by lantern light, and clambered down the rope which had been placed to facilitate the descent from the hut to the glacier. The compass bearings had been carefully taken

the previous evening, so, after roping together, we set off confidently across the vast, trackless snowfield, which was now frozen hard and firm.

In a short time we reached the base of an intervening ridge of rock, and in the dense gloom scrambled up a large, snow-filled gully, where the dislodgment of some loose rocks kept the tail end of the party very much alive, to judge from the vigorous wagging of their tongues. Ere long we emerged on the higher snowfield, and a weird, greyish light augured the approach of dawn. Onwards and upwards we trudged, skirting the edges of black, fearsome crevasses, and at times taking flying leaps across the narrower rifts—a somewhat eerie proceeding in the uncertain light. Just when a heated discussion was in progress as to our whereabouts, rays of pale sunlight filtered through the mist, and with astounding suddenness the great cloud curtain sank downwards, and our wondrous surroundings were revealed in the new glory.

Straight ahead and apparently close at hand, our objective, the Aiguille de la Za, rose like a huge church spire, its weathered, slabby sides slanting upwards to a slender, mist-wreathed summit in a way that appealed irresistibly to our rock-climbing instincts. Away to the right, and behind us, the scene was so magnificent that adequate description is impossible. The Dent Blanche reared itself like a great black monster in the track of the rising sun, and fleecy wisps of mist hovered gracefully over the fields of everlasting snow, with the unmistakable peak of the Matterhorn now and again pushing its tapering crest through the vanishing clouds. Far away beyond stretched a veritable sea of mountains. For several minutes we gazed speechless on the sight.

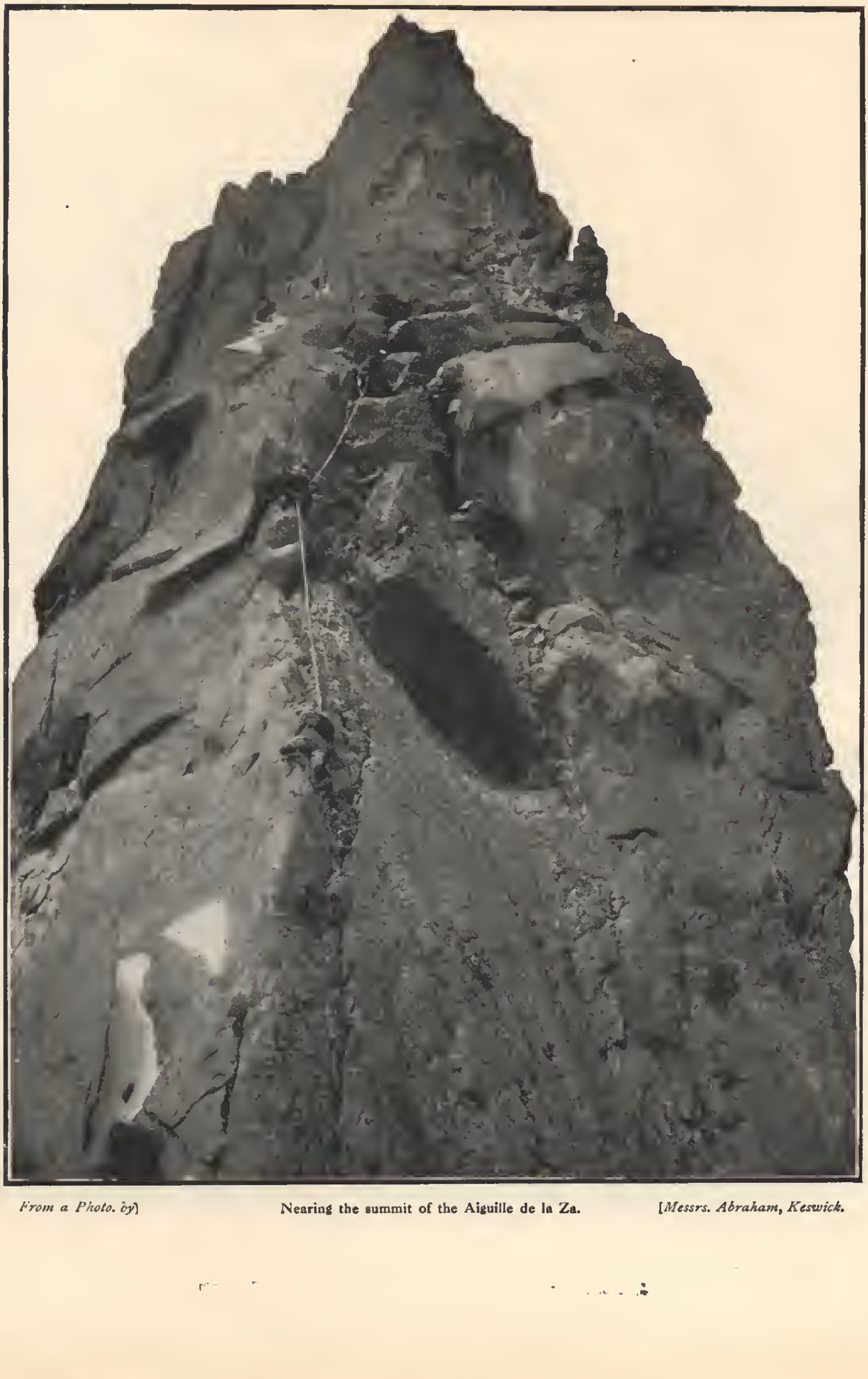
After a short second breakfast we scrambled up to the great cock's-comb-like ridge which rose above us and evidently led to the actual base of the Aiguille. On arrival, we found the crest of the ridge narrow enough to require considerable care and attention. There was a fine sense of lofty exhilaration as we slowly climbed and crawled along the rocky ridge-pole of the mountain, with the sunny precipice on the one hand and on the other the deep, dark abysses of the Arolla Valley, where night still lingered. Filmy clouds floated lazily upwards, and now and again the "Spectre of the Brocken" flickered faintly amidst the vapour. But these wonderful effects were soon forgotten in the excitement of the ascent. The last five hundred feet of the Aiguille were almost vertical, and the small hand and foot holds were often masked in ice. Up, up we went, now gripping the narrow ridge, with its knife-like edge, now wrestling with some overhanging buttress or clinging affectionately to the great exposed precipice, with thousands of feet of airy space between us and the tiny *châlets* of Arolla far below.

The ascent of the final section was enlivened by a stirring incident. I had reached the shattered rocks close to the summit cairn and was carefully taking in the rope, whilst the second climber picked his way slowly up the steep precipice. Suddenly there was a surprised cry of warning, and at the same moment I felt a violent pull on the rope. Fortunately this was minimized by the friction of the rocks over which the life-line—life-line in the truest sense of the word—passed, and I was able to peer over the edge at the cause of the trouble. There my friend hung, practically in space, with a great mass of rock tilted forward from the cliff resting on his shoulders and arms! He clung to the mass with the strength of desperation, for our two friends directly below were in dire peril. They quickly realized that absence of body is just as useful as presence of mind in such a dilemma as this, and, without stopping to argue the point, they moved along a narrow ledge to the left, out of the line of fire. Then our long-suffering companion let loose the piece of the Aiguille. It went crashing down upon the very ledges they had recently vacated, to disappear finally over the great precipice, whence arose the tumultuous roar of the descending *débris*.

When we had recovered our equilibrium after this narrow escape we scrambled steadily upwards and foregathered on the summit. The view was somewhat spoiled by the clouds, which increased rapidly with the warmth of the morning sun. Now and again the peak of the Matterhorn thrust its cruel-looking crest through the vapour, and even more impressive still seemed the snowy domes of Mont Collon and the Pigne d'Arolla, when disclosed to our appreciative gaze.

The descent was achieved without incident, and in the afternoon we trudged across the vast snowfields and over the Col d'Hérens, with the tooth-like *arête* of the Dent Blanche on the left and the Dent d'Hérens on the right, while the stupendous cliffs of the Matterhorn dominated all in magnificence and grandeur. The setting sun saw us threading our way though the pine woods near the Staffel Alp, and Zermatt, with its aggressive smells and signs of civilization, was reached before darkness set in.

Homeward journeys from the Alps are always tinged with regret, but happy days live long in memory, and the charms of Arolla will surely lure us back before very long to its snow-clad peaks, shattered ridges, and rocky pinnacles.



From a Photo. by] Nearing the summit of the Aiguille de la Za. [*Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.*

THE ESCAPE OF MANUEL GONZALES.

By H. H. DUNN.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK PATTERSON.



The prison of San Juan de Ulua from which Manuel Gonzales escaped by swimming to shore through the shark-infested waters.

From a Photograph.

> If there is an impregnable jail in the world, it should surely be the grim Castle of San Juan de Ulua, situated on an island in the harbour of Vera Cruz, Mexico. For four hundred years no prisoner ever escaped alive to the shore, for, besides its bolts and bars and armed guards, the prison possesses a set of guardians who never sleep, night or day—the terrible man-eating sharks of the surrounding waters. Many men, in the course of the centuries, have tried to run the gauntlet of their vigilance, but not till last year did one man, Manuel Gonzales, succeed. This story tells how he did it.

ON the Gallega reef, in the harbour of Vera Cruz, Mexico, there stands an ancient Spanish fortress known as the Castle of San Juan de Ulua. It is used for the incarceration of political prisoners, and down in the depths of the reef on which it is built, far below the water-line, are a series of terrible cells, where the light of day never penetrates. The wretched inmates of these stone boxes are forbidden to speak; they cannot lie down properly, and they cannot stand erect. Though the castle holds something like two thousand prisoners, and has been used as a jail for hundreds of years, only one man has ever been known to make his escape to the mainland, for the surrounding channels are ceaselessly patrolled, night and day, by scores of huge man-eating sharks—more effective guardians than bolts and bars and lynx-eyed sentries.

Up and down, inside and outside the reef and round its ends, these great sharks swim incessantly. Their high dorsal fins cut the blue waters of the outer sea and the greenish-grey tide of the harbour every hour of the night and day, and during the four hundred years since the corner-stone of the *castillo* was laid in 1528, on the spot where the Spanish *conquistador*, Juan de Grijalva, first landed in Mexico ten years before, there is no record of any prisoner escaping to the shore until 1912.

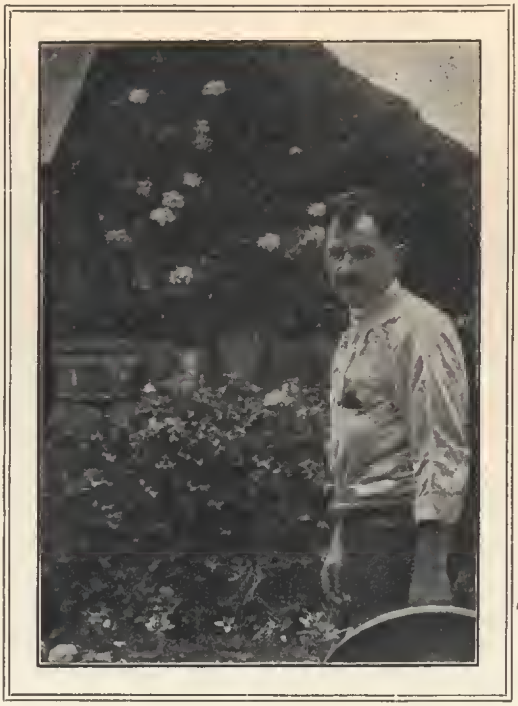
Every man of the countless scores who have attempted to escape a living death in this grim prison by swimming the three hundred yards from the reef to the mainland shore has furnished

a meal for some shark, until one Manuel Rojas Gonzales dropped into the harbour on the night of June 29th, 1912. In fact, the guards of San Juan de Ulua are never very anxious to prevent a man from making the attempt, so great is their confidence in the sharks, especially if the would-be fugitive is one whose crime has been punished with life imprisonment. If such a man "tries his luck," it makes one less for the guards to watch, and one less for the prison commissary to feed—and the commissary is controlled by contract, so that the fewer the prisoners the more money the contractor makes.

During the last decade of the rule of Porfirio Diaz there was a standing order that any prisoner who escaped from San Juan de Ulua by "swimming the gauntlet" of the lurking sharks should not be fired on by the guards. On the other hand, the lucky prisoner could present himself at the office of the inspector of the prison in the city of Vera Cruz, receive his discharge papers from the prison, and thereafter go free of all penalty for any crime for which he might have been imprisoned.

Nobody, however, ever claimed the amnesty. When Francisco I. Madero became President of Mexico on November 6th, 1911, most of the political prisoners in San Juan de Ulua were released, and this rule concerning escape was abolished.

The prisoners freed by Madero were largely adherents of his, who had been imprisoned by Porfirio Diaz. Likewise, the cells occupied by those prisoners were filled almost immediately by men of opposite political belief from Madero, yet whom he could not execute because they had not openly fought against him. Among those so imprisoned was Manuel Rojas Gonzales, of Vera Cruz.



From a] Manuel Gonzales. [*Photograph.*

There are three tiers, or floors, of cells in San Juan de Ulua. The top tier, on the surface of the reef, and surrounded by the high, watch-towered wall of the prison, is for minor prisoners from the State of Vera Cruz whose sentences are light. Occasionally ordinary, non-political prisoners are placed in San Juan de Ulua, owing to the crowded condition of the mainland jails, and these usually get the airier, better-lighted cells on the surface of the coral barrier.

Beneath these topmost cells is a second layer of rooms, measuring eight by eight feet. They are underground, but nevertheless receive some light and air from the upper world. Under these again are the terrible *incomunicado* cells, six by four feet in ground measurement, and scarcely five feet in height. A man can barely lie down in them; he cannot stand erect if he be of average height. They are absolutely dark, and the little air they get comes through long, musty corridors, leading from the tiers above. All this floor of cells is below the water-line, and the prisoners have constantly in their ears the eternal roar of the open sea, pounding against the reef. Green slime and moss cover the walls, and the average life of a prisoner incarcerated in one of these *incomunicado*, under-water cells is seven years. What solitary confinement in the darkness fails to accomplish, the dampness and the unvarying cold complete.

Into one of these dreadful submarine cells went Gonzales, when Madero came into power in 1911. After him was to come to the same prison General Felix Diaz, nephew of Porfirio Diaz, and later the conqueror of Madero; but Gonzales did not know this, and he did not feel like waiting for the overthrow of Madero to escape.

The distance from the innermost end of the reef to the mainland is about a mile, but at low tide there is only about three hundred yards of this mud-flat over which the water is deep enough to float the big sharks. The drop into this channel from the walls of San Juan de Ulua is sudden, but after the swim across the shark-infested channel the balance of the mile is easy wading across the mud-flat, the only danger being from occasional patches of shifting quicksand.

Gonzales, who had been a man of some importance in the harbour city, had been over every foot of the bay in his launch, and knew it as well as his guards knew the prison. He had known of the political cells in San Juan de Ulua, and he knew why the sharks of Vera Cruz harbour are protected by law, but he never realized just what excellent guards they were until, taken out of his cell to religious services in the chapel one Sunday, he saw the big man-eaters swimming up and down through the channel.

Thenceforward let Gonzales, whom I met in New Orleans shortly after my expulsion from Mexico by the late President Madero, tell his own story.

On that walk to the chapel I made up my mind that escape was possible. Next day, when I was examined on charges of fomenting opposition to Madero in Vera Cruz, I saw that I was in for a life sentence in the *incomunicado* cells. The charges against me were baseless, but they were so well substantiated by witnesses whom I had never seen before, and who did not even know me, that I knew my fate had been sealed by official orders long before I had even been arrested. I determined that sudden death at the jaws of a shark was preferable to years of slow dissolution in the slimy cells beneath the sea.

After the examination I was returned to my cell, the last of a long row, running directly across the reef. A three-foot wall of stone separated me from the roaring, pounding open sea. I knew that there was no hope of getting through this wall. A box of dynamite would scarcely have broken it down, but as I crouched in my cell I noticed a tiny slit of light in the top of the wall at the end of the corridor. In the steel door of my cell was a small opening to admit air, so that I should not suffocate, for the door was so well fitted into the stone that it was practically hermetically sealed when closed.



Madero's troops entering Vera Cruz on the day on which the port surrendered to the revolutionists.
From a Photograph.

Through this slit in my steel door came the light from the almost equally small slit in the wall. As I sat there, my chin on my knees, waiting for the evening meal of beans and *tortillas*, the light faded.

The occupants of the other cells were quiet, and above the roar of the sea I heard a steel door open somewhere above, and the noise of the garbage from the prison kitchen being dumped into the sea. Then followed a rushing and a splashing and the throwing of heavy bodies about, and I knew that the sharks outside the

reef had come for their evening meal. I heard the monsters only for a short time—perhaps half an hour. Then all became quiet again, and as I sat there, still waiting for my delayed food, an idca struck me.

If I could gain the wall about this time —seven o'clock in thc evening—the chances were that most of the sharks would be out of the channel, feeding on the garbage on the seaward side. Next day I was taken out for another examination at about the same hour as on the first day. I had no means of knowing the time, and even the consolation of smoking was denied me, for everything I possessed, down to my cigarettes and matches, had been taken away from me. My watch, valued at a hundred and fifty dollars, and given me by my father, dead some years, was seized by the inspector of the prison, and I suppose he still has it.

That evening, after the dumping of the offal from the kitchens, I heard the door above me re-open, and this time a single and heavier splash followed. I imagine that it was the body of some hapless prisoner being consigned to a nameless grave in the Gulf of Mexico. This sound and its sinister meaning only increased my desire and determination to escape, even though it meant death in a horrible form.

Next day I feigned sickness, for I knew that I should be examined again, and I resolved to make the examination as late as possible. I demanded to see a doctor, and, as final judgment of guilt and sentence to the *incomunicado* cells had not been passed on me, I was allowed to see the prison physician.

After prisoners are condemned to the *incomunicado* cells they



"I dived head-foremost into the shark-infested channel."

are not allowed to speak to anyone, and if they are taken ill they die, for no medical aid is allowed them.

By thus fooling the guards I was able to put off the examination until six o'clock. The inspector of the prison returns to his mainland home in Vera Cruz promptly at seven o'clock, and at seven on this particular evening he closed the hearing, announcing that I should be examined again at "some future date," which I took to mean the next day.

The guards are careless on San Juan de Ulua, for rarely does a prisoner try to escape, and then he never succeeds. At least, that is what I was told both before and during my brief imprisonment. We walked to the entrance, one guard and myself, of the lower tier of cells. This entrance is not far from the channel side of the reef—I should say about fifteen feet. I was alone with this guard, the other men in uniform being occupied in conducting the inspector to his launch. My guard was armed only with a revolver, which hung at his right side, the side on which I was walking.

"Now or never," thought I, and, whipping out the guard's revolver, I struck him with all my strength over the head with the butt of the heavy weapon. He fell without a sound, and, clearing the intervening space with two bounds, I clambered up an interior buttress to the wall, and lowered myself to a niche which had once been a gun-port in the days when this was a fortress. Here I slipped off my shoes and my coat, and dived head-foremost into the shark-infested channel.

I am an expert swimmer, and as I shot through the thirty feet or more to the water I straightened out as much as possible, so as to make as little splash as I could when I struck. When I felt my hands dividing the water I went as deep as I could go, came up almost to the surface, and then struck off under water at top speed.

As I swam, and no shark appeared, I seemed to gain hope. The feeling of despair and depression that had fallen on me in that dreadful dungeon gradually left me, and after swimming as long as I could underneath I came cautiously to the top.

The sun was down behind the purple peak of the beautiful Orizaba, and the sky so shaded by ash-coloured clouds that it seemed to merge with the slaty hues of the channel. I could see that the wall of San Juan de Ulua was lined with guards, but I was confident that they could not see me.

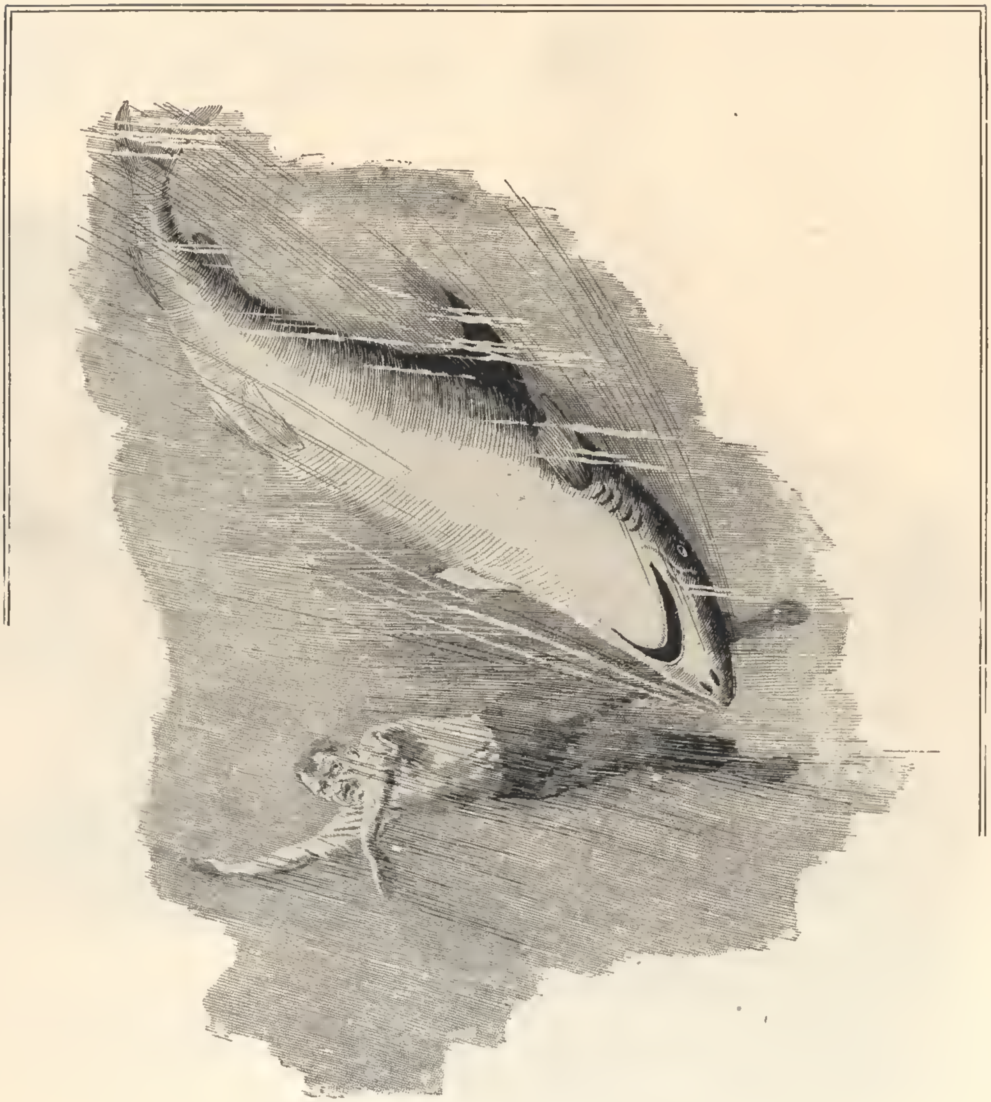
Turning slowly from my back—the position I had assumed to look at my late prison—I came almost into collision with a huge sand-shark. The moment I saw the white body I knew I was in no danger, but nevertheless the creature gave me a terrible fright. The shark disappeared, evidently as frightened as myself, but I realized that for the moment there were no man-eaters about, otherwise the sand-shark would not have dared to take so leisurely a course up the channel, for the tiger of the sea is perfectly ready to kill and eat his more inoffensive brother whenever occasion offers.

I must have covered two hundred of the three hundred yards of open channel when, with a rush that drove me to take a dive almost to the bottom, a grey, torpedo-shaped body shot past—a man-eating shark going at full speed! The only reason I can think of that he did not slash at me with his wicked teeth as he went by was that he had eaten just previously and was not hungry. As I rose to the surface he swung across just over my head, evidently hunting for me. I had to come to the top for air, and as my head rose above the water of the quiet lagoon I heard a chorus of cries from the walls of San Juan de Ulua, "Los tiburones! los tiburones!"

"The sharks! the sharks!" they cried, and I imagine they thought I was as good as done for. But I swam on desperately, shouting at the shark, making a terrific splashing and kicking about. I remember that one of the things I yelled at him was a fragment of a charm song we learned as children to drive away sharks when we were in bathing. I do not suppose that did any great amount of good, but it comforted me somewhat, and I have since learned all of it over again.

I swam thus for perhaps seventy yards more, with the big man-eater becoming more and more daring every moment, until I saw that he was getting ready to make a rush at me. The channel was as smooth as a floor, and I could see every move the monster made by the phosphorescence in the waters, which outlined him as with fire. I saw him move away, and I seemed to feel that this time his rush would be in earnest. As he came on I dived, instantly and deeply, turned at a right angle, and swam desperately for the shore. The shark did not follow me, to my great surprise, and when I had held my breath until I could hold it no longer I turned upward to the surface. To my intense delight my feet struck bottom, and I found my head and shoulders were well out of water.

I soon found I had been swimming for the last ten or fifteen yards in water in which I could have stood up, and so shallow that the shark did not dare enter it. About ten yards ahead of me was the mud-flat, and I wasted no time



"As he came on I dived."

in getting to it. Then I ran in a straight line to the hills up the coast, where, gaining the shelter of the jungle, I was soon among friends.

Provided with a horse and saddle, with clean clothing and money, I rode all the way to Tampico on horseback, and there took steamer for New Orleans, where I have been ever since, waiting for an opportunity to return to my wife and children in Vera Cruz. They know that I am alive and well, and we shall have a joyous reunion now that the overthrow of President Madero allows me to return to my native land.

CURIOSITIES



A Korean

A very interesting article, accom-
set of photographs, describing the
the Koreans, who resolutely decline
Hermit Kingdom, despite all that
still remains the quaintest country
of picturesque people, and

A Korean porter with a load of greenstuff.

DESPITE the many reforms which the Japanese have introduced into Korea since their annexation of the country after the Russo-Japanese War, it still retains its ancient and old-world traditions. Indeed, the " Land of the Morning Calm " remains to-day the quaintest country on the face of the globe, a topsy-turvy world of picturesque people, possessing many strange and curious customs.

This is all the more remarkable when we remember what Japan has done in her attempts to develop and modernize the country. All

OF KOREA.

By H. J. SHEPSTONE.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANZ OTTO KOCH, BERLIN.



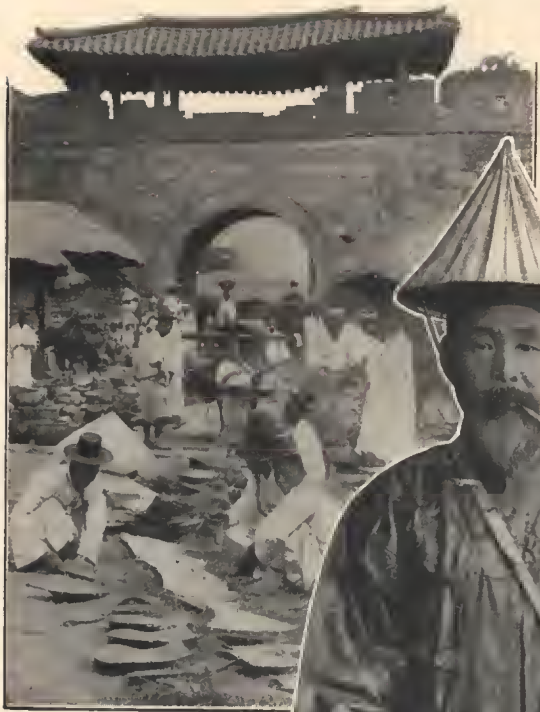
wedding group.

panied by a particularly valuable
strange manners and customs or
to adopt Western ways. The
Japan has done to modernize it,
in the world, a land of mystery,
novel sights and scenes.



Household removals in Korea. These porters can carry a load of five hundred pounds with comparative ease.

the principal Korean cities now boast of large Japanese settlements, with wide streets, fine buildings, and up-to-date shops. Roads have been built, railways opened, and the various towns placed in telegraphic communication with one another. The cultivation of cotton and silk has been introduced, and several mines have been opened. Indeed, there are now over half a million Japanese settlers in the country and all the important official and Government posts are held by the energetic sons of Nippon. Nevertheless, the moment you get away from the purely foreign quarters, you are in old

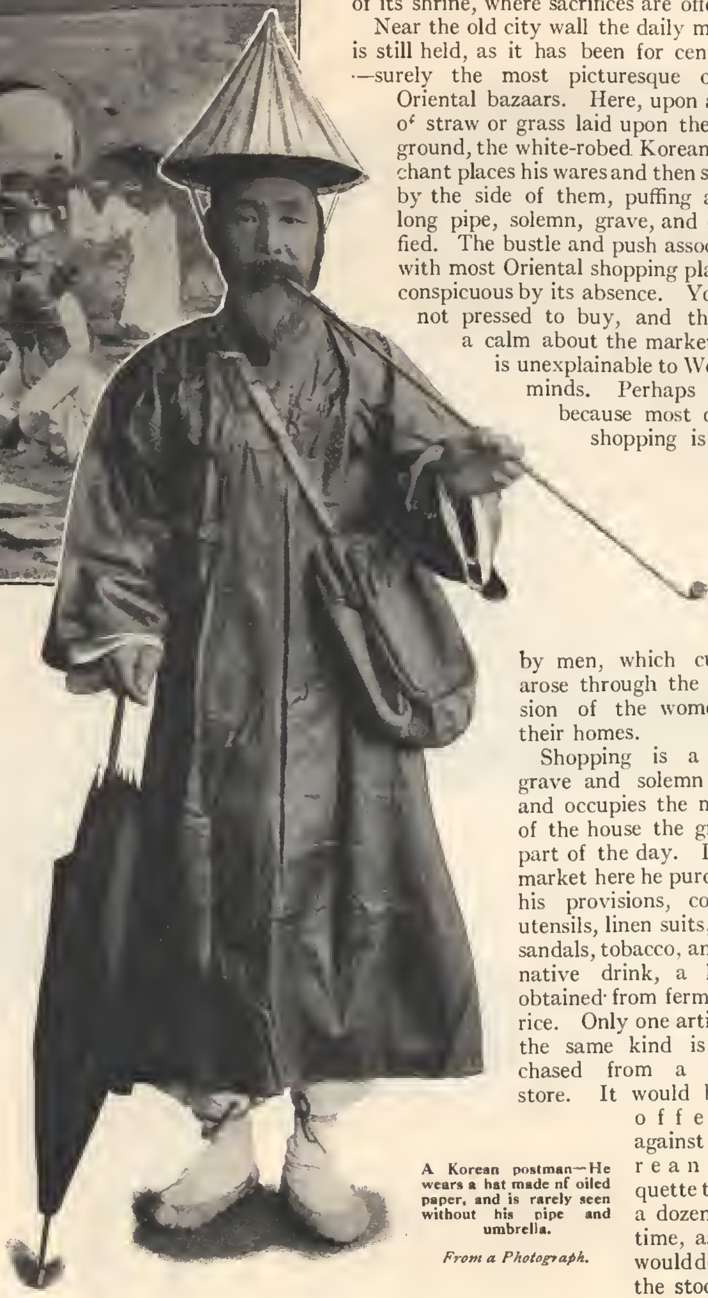


A corner of the market-place at Seoul.
From a Photograph.

Korea, where everything is as quaint, out-of-the-common, and non-prog essive as it is possible to imagine.

You cannot escape the old-world atmosphere even in Seoul itself, despite its broad streets, electric trams, electric light, and modern buildings. The Korean still appears in public in the costume of his ancestors, the kaftan - a flowing white robe of linen, surmounted by an absurd-looking black horsehair top-hat. The custom which allows the women of the upper classes to take outdoor exercise only at night is still observed, though men are no longer excluded from the streets at such hours, as was the case before the coming of the Japanese. The natives still worship the god of the mountains, and every village and mountain pass boasts of its shrine, where sacrifices are offered.

Near the old city wall the daily market is still held, as it has been for centuries —surely the most picturesque of all Oriental bazaars. Here, upon a bed of straw or grass laid upon the bare ground, the white-robed Korean merchant places his wares and then squats by the side of them, puffing at his long pipe, solemn, grave, and dignified. The bustle and push associated with most Oriental shopping places is conspicuous by its absence. You are not pressed to buy, and there is a calm about the market that is unexplainable to Western minds. Perhaps it is because most of the shopping is done by men, which custom arose through the seclusion of the women to their homes.



A Korean postman—He wears a hat made nf oiled paper, and is rarely seen without his pipe and umbrella.
From a Photograph.

Shopping is a very grave and solemn task, and occupies the master of the house the greater part of the day. In the market here he purchases his provisions, cooking utensils, linen suits, hats, sandals, tobacco, and the native drink, a liquor obtained from fermented rice. Only one article of the same kind is purchased from a single store. It would be an offence against Korean etiquette to buy a dozen at a time, as this would deplete the stock too

quickly and give the shopkeeper the trouble and work of restocking before he was ready! It will therefore be seen that wholesale orders are not welcomed in this odd country; "little and often" appears to be the golden rule in buying.



How the Koreans pack eggs for transport—They are done up in rolls of twisted straw, and travel quite safely.
From a] [*Photograph.*

In the early morning the streets are filled with bullocks, ponies, and men loaded with fuel, which they have brought into the city for sale. Porters come along with cartloads of evergreen branches fastened to the "jiggy," a sort of framework which they wear upon their backs.

The Koreans have used this method of transportation for centuries, and can carry very heavy loads. One man, at a pinch, will transport a load of five hundred pounds' weight of fuel upon his back, the whole towering six or seven feet above his head.

If the Korean carrier is well enough off to purchase a bullock or a pony, he would never dream of buying a cart as well. He merely piles the load upon the animal's back, as he would upon his own. In the case of fuel, the principal item carried by these men, it will probably rise six or eight feet above the creature's back and hang down his sides almost to his feet, so that all you can see of the animal as he trudges along are his head, tail, and hoofs.

Even if it is an awkward piece of modern furniture that the porter is asked to carry, he would never dream of requisitioning the services of a horse if he could possibly manage to hoist it on his own back.

Notice the man carrying the unwieldy cabinet in one of the photographs. He conveyed it in this fashion from the railway station to one of the hotels in Seoul's principal thoroughfare, down which run the electric trams. On the way up to the hotel he frequently stopped and chatted with his friends, making light of his ungainly load. These porters belong to the Pedlars' Guild, probably the oldest labour union in the world, having been founded fifteen hundred years ago.

There are families who for generations have known no other occupation than carrying the miscellaneous packs from one part of the country to another, wandering over hill and dale from morning till night.

As in ancient times, so they are still to-day



From a] A home-made water-cart in the streets of Seoul. [*Photograph.*



From a] A musical instrument maker's shop. [*Photograph.*

the carriers of news, and may be said to represent the native Press of the land, with considerable influence and power. Public opinion finds in them its most direct interpreter. There is no movement, outbreak, or revolt in which they do not participate. The most important messages are conveyed through the pedlars, and it is their guild that nourishes the flames of all rebellions.

A decidedly quaint character is the Korean postman. You come across these gentry in the mornings, delivering the letters. They appear to recognize the dignity of their office, and fulfil their duties in a very quiet and grave manner. The gentleman shown in one of our photos has donned his "rain clothes" on account of the showers. Over his white kaftan he wears a light mackintosh, provided by a thoughtful Government, while his head is covered with a waterproof hat, made of oil paper. He is further fortified against the wet by an umbrella. Like most Koreans, the postman could not possibly work without his pipe, and as he strolls from house to house he is invariably smoking. The letters are carried in a leather satchel strapped to his back. This individual may be taken as a typical example of the physical characteristics of these interesting people. They are tall—over a head higher than the Japanese—well built, and fair-complexioned.

Many curious sights and scenes meet the traveller as he passes through the streets of Seoul. The shops, the houses, the quaint



The "sandwich-board" has not yet the
From a]



Sedan chairs—upon which sit solemn-looking officials being conveyed to their destinations—the loaded bullocks and the ever-moving panorama of white-robed figures make a spectacle the like of which can be seen nowhere else.

Everything is so new and so totally different in this topsy-turvy land. Here, outside one of the shops, lying upon the pavement, is a pile of eggs. Only a Korean could pack them and transport them in their rolls of straw without damaging them. There are ten eggs in a roll, and the straw casing is so cleverly twisted and so strongly woven that it can be moved without fear of the eggs rolling out. A native will lift up a roll from the ground, place it across his shoulder, and march home with it, stopping and chatting perhaps to friends on the way, and though the roll may sway dangerously to and fro its contents always remain intact.

Since the Japanese occupation of the land the streets of the capital are kept much cleaner than was formerly the case, and during the summer they are regularly watered. A decidedly novel water-cart is employed for this purpose. It consists of a huge wooden box, rendered water-tight by liberally plastering its joints with tar. At the back of the box, close to the bottom, there is a slight projection, also of wood, bored with a number of holes from which the water drops on to the road as the human steed propels this home-made vehicle through the streets.



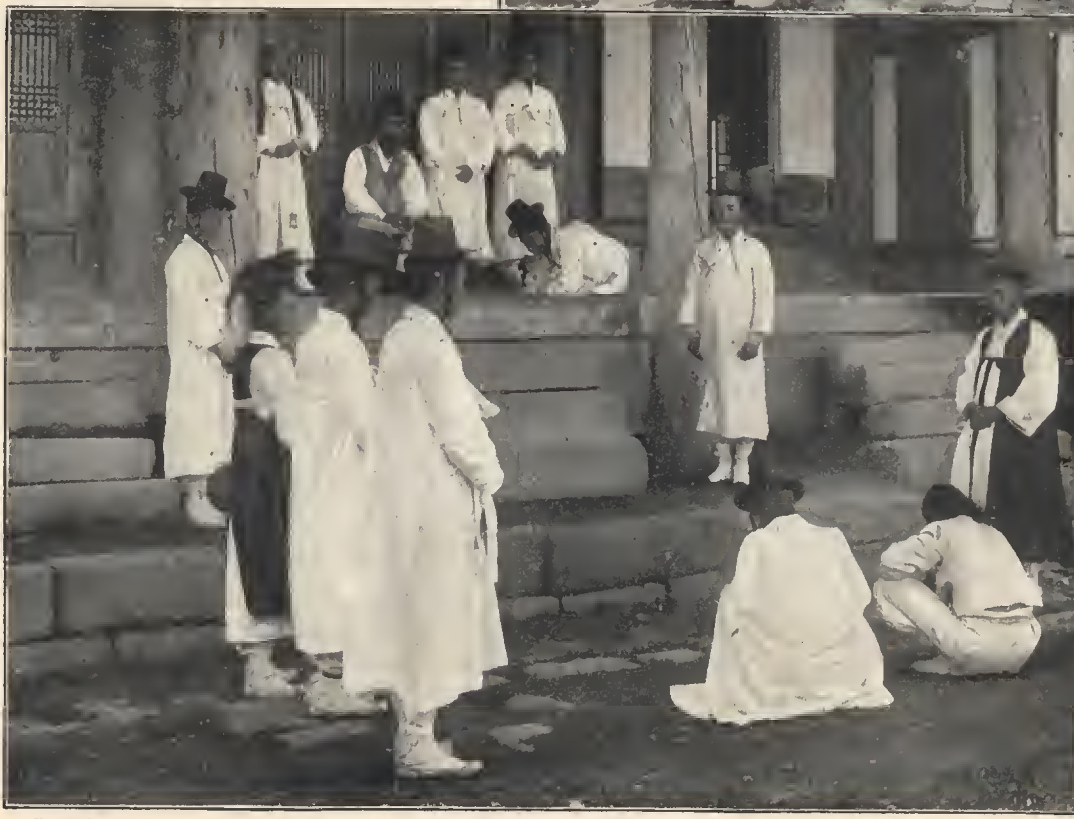
reached Korea — When a merchant wishes to advertise his goods he sends a picturesque procession of banner-bearers round streets. [*Photograph.*

Although quiet and inoffensive, and decidedly submissive to their conquerors, the Koreans have nevertheless souls of their own. They are a music-loving people, and every parish has its choir or amateur musical society. Some of their musical instruments are quaint affairs of wood, possessing a number of strings, almost square in design and somewhat resembling a harp.

One of our photographs shows a musical instrument maker's shop in the open air, and the workmen are seen engaged upon the making of the instruments. There are elaborately carved brass gongs, flutes, stringed instruments of various kinds, drums, and cymbals. Like most Oriental harmony, the concerted music of the Koreans is discordant to our ears, but occasionally the notes of a flute, played on some lonely hillside, convey to one an air at once sweet and plaintive.

Although the Korean has stubbornly refused to adopt Western ideas, he has always recognized the value of advertisement. When a Korean opens a new shop, or has any particular wares he is anxious to dispose of, or when a nobleman





From a] **A Korean trial.—The judges dispense justice in the open air.**



A high official, with his escort of police.
From a Photograph.



[*Photograph.*

desires to convey a certain piece of intelligence to the people, he seeks the services of the sandwich-men. In the Hermit Kingdom, however, these men do not carry boards upon which the desired information is made known to all and sundry, but resort to the medium of picturesque flags, upon which the announcement is inscribed. Anything from one to a dozen flags may be requisitioned, and these are carried through the streets by boys and men, forming a picturesque moving advertisement.

The above photograph depicts a high Korean official travelling under a police guard, the latter being dressed in white. He is about to make an excursion to a near-by town, hence the need of a strong guard. The official, looking as solemn as a judge, is seated upon the skin of a snow-leopard, on his quaint chair, carried by eight liveried servants. The skin denotes that he is a mandarin, and a member of the aristocracy. In the old days such posts as these were bought and sold, and to obtain one was simply a financial transaction. Of course, directly the mandarin took up his position he was anxious to get back his expenses, and under some pretext or other he confiscated the property of well-to-do citizens and extorted money from the people. Under Japanese rule this abuse has now been stamped out, and it is strange that, whereas a few years ago there were apparently no wealthy natives, there are now thousands who boast of their wealth and maintain expensive establishments.

The Korean judge dispenses justice in the open, and we are able to present a typical scene in a Korean court of law. By etiquette only the judge can sit; everyone else must stand, excepting the prisoner and his friends, who are forced to remain in a humble kneeling position with bowed heads. Until quite recently these

trials were always very one-sided and shockingly unjust. When a man was brought to a judge, it was taken for granted he was guilty, and if he did not confess he was tortured and made to do so. Witnesses, too, were openly bribed. In fact, giving evidence for or against an accused person meant a living to a portion of the community, and these witnesses naturally favoured those who paid best. Punishments varied. If the prisons were too full, and the condemned could not pay a fine, they were often given a chance to escape, or disappeared by some means. Though these are things of the past, Korean judges, like those of China, possess a very poor idea of the sense of justice.

Our next photograph depicts a native shoeing a pony. It will be noticed that the poor beast is tied up in a most extraordinary and uncomfortable way. As it is one of the front feet that is receiving attention, one of the hind legs is tied to a post, and as the creature is left standing on two legs, it is impossible for it to kick. To make doubly sure, the animal is further secured by stout ropes passed round its body to the beam above. One man holds the pony's leg, while the other, in a half-squatting or kneeling position, removes the old shoe with a pair of pincers, and then replaces it with a new one. The shoe consists of a flat plate, and is fitted cold, as is usual in the East. No blacksmith's work is done by the Korean farrier; he simply takes off the old shoe and nails another in its place.

Until a few years ago there were no schools in Korea, if we except the so-called universities where the sons of the ruling classes were educated. Now schools are to be found everywhere, thanks to the Japanese and also to the missionaries.



Shoeing a pony—Note the extraordinary way in which the animal is tied up.
From a Photograph.

In the summer months they are entirely open to the street, and for several hours a day the children, dressed in spotless white linen, may be seen squatting on the floor busy at their lessons. It is a strange fact that in the Orient children are always taught to shout their lessons aloud, and young Korea is no exception to this rule. You know when you are approaching a school by the noise of the children's droning. Although not so quick, nor possessing the imaginative capacity of a Japanese child, the children of the Hermit Kingdom display remarkable endurance, self-control, and patience over their lessons. The teacher, with his ubiquitous pipe, squats among his pupils, as staid and solemn as only a Korean could be amid such a deafening uproar.



From a] A typical Korean school. [*Photograph.*

The Koreans marry very young, generally between the ages of twelve and fifteen. For a woman to reach twenty without marrying is considered a terrible thing. A peculiarity of these weddings is that they would appear to be a matter of interest to everyone except the parties mostly concerned, who often see one another for the first time on the wedding morning. This is because in a Korean household the boys are kept apart from the girls, the father and the sons occupying the front of the house, and the mother and the daughters living in the rear of the establishment. Moreover, in their social life the boys are not allowed to mix with the gentler sex. The parents and friends arrange the match, in accordance with their own interests, and if both parties agree and the bargain is concluded, the formalities are of the simplest. There is no religious ceremony and no legal contract.

Early on the wedding morn the best man arrives to tie the bridegroom's pigtail in a knot on the top of his head, and this not only remains for ever as an outward and visible sign of his condition, but entitles him to wear a hat for the first time in his life and to be treated as a man and enter public life. He may be a mere child, twelve years of age, but he has no longer any right to play with his boy friends, and must choose his associates among old men. He has now all civil rights, and is expected to behave accordingly. If, on the contrary, a man is unable to afford the luxury of a home and a wife, he may reach the age of fifty, but he must still wear his pigtail down his back, has none of the advantages of citizenship, and is expected to play with kites, marbles, and such-like. Any folly he may commit is excused in the same way as the naughtiness of a child who is not responsible for his actions.

The wedding ceremony itself is most simple. The whole function consists of a procession, when the bride and bridegroom are conducted by their respective relations to a daïs, as shown on the next two pages. There they are put face to face, and probably, as already stated, see each other for the first time. They merely glance at one another, then bow, and the knot is tied indissolubly.

Often, as may be imagined, the surprise is great, but whether agreeable or not, it is considered very bad taste to show any emotion. The wedding feast now follows, cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit forming the principal items in the menu. The variety of the confectionery seen at a Korean wedding may be gauged from the array of sweetmeats seen in our illustration. After the feast the bride is conducted to the home prepared for her, where she virtually becomes a prisoner. Her lot is anything but a happy one. She is not even given a name, and is known in future as "the wife of So-and-so," or the "mother of So-and-so." Her own



From a] The guests at a Korean wedding.—Notice the extraordinary array of sweetmeats in the foreground.

husband addresses her by two words, the translation of which means "Come here!" Women's rights are a negligible quantity in Korea.

A very picturesque individual is the Korean army officer. The native army, about eighty thousand strong, is now principally officered by Japanese, and during the last few years many desirable reforms have been introduced. Old-fashioned weapons have been replaced by modern ones, and the Korean Tommy Atkins undergoes regular periods of training.

Many of the high Korean officials, however, still stick to the dress of their ancestors, and may be seen upon the parade grounds in their quaint clothes and circular hats adorned with feathers. Although quiet and inoffensive by nature, the Korean, when aroused, will fight with the most desperate valour. They showed their bravery



These take the place of the wedding-cake. [*Photograph.*

when they fought the Americans in the forts of Kanghoa. On that occasion the hard-pressed defenders, deprived of their rude weapons, fought with stones and handfuls of dirt, and many of them stubbornly refused quarter.

Korea is a most topsy-turvy country. For instance, when a builder decides to erect a dwelling, the roof is put on first, the walls being placed in position last. Then the Koreans can



From a] An old-style Army officer. [*Photograph.*



A wayside restaurant.
From a Photograph.



A Korean archer with his quiver of arrows — Archery is a favourite pastime.
From a Photograph.

never be induced to resort to the use of ladders when desirous of reaching an elevated spot. Instead, they build a sloping gangway, as shown in our photograph, up which all mortar, stones, and other material are conveyed to the desired elevation. Most of the Korean dwellings, moreover, although built of wood, are minus nails, the boards fitting into grooves, and dovetailing into one another in a wonderful way.

Another photograph depicts the strange hats worn by the peasant women in the rainy season. They are of immense size, measuring three to four feet across, decidedly ugly, but nevertheless serving their purpose. They not only protect the head and neck from the inclement weather, but keep the shoulders of the wearer and also the upper part of the body dry. They are largely worn by the workers in the field. When it is raining, and the wearer is in a stooping position, it means that virtually the whole body is kept dry.

The Koreans have voracious appetites and their powers of absorption are remarkable, as indeed they ought to be, for it is the great ambition of every mother to develop in her children a large capacity for food. Thus, restaurants are to be found everywhere, and the above photograph shows a typical country one. Here the traveller can obtain the native drink of the country, as well as various foods, rice, beans, meat, and fowl. Being lovers of Nature, the Koreans are very fond of open-air gatherings, and arrange most delightful picnics, when they entertain their friends and engage professional singers and dancers to amuse them.

These singers and dancers, known as "gesangs," form a caste by themselves, something like the geishas of Japan. It is at such times that these country restaurants do a roaring business.

The two great national sports are shooting with bows and arrows and the flying of kites. One of our illustrations shows a Korean archer, with his quiver of arrows. Some of these men are very adept with these weapons, and will bring down birds on the wing, as well as hares imitating their cries. Some of the tiger-hunters display considerable courage. One of them will go out alone, armed only with an old flint-lock, and will endeavour to get the tiger into a cave or tight corner of some sort, where he attacks him.

Good tiger-skins are highly prized, and the teeth, claws, and blood of the animal are regarded as valuable medicines, while men eat the heart in order that they may become brave.



Korean methods of building—The roof is put on first of all, and the upper storeys are reached by a sloping gangway.
From a Photograph.

and rabbits, with commendable skill. As sportsmen, in the true sense of the word, the Koreans do not excel, although there is plenty of game in the country—tigers, leopards, bears, and deer. The calling of the hunter is regarded as a low one, and is never followed except as a means of livelihood. The hunters usually stalk their quarry disguised in fur, feathers, or leaves, and they seek to attract the birds or animals they pursue by



Extraordinary "rain-hats" worn by the peasant women.
From a Photograph.

The Case of "Jack Thompson."

By THE EDITOR.

OUR readers will remember the two articles we have published concerning "Jack Thompson," the young Englishman who has been lying for the last two years in a Bolivian prison, accused of highway robbery and murder, and apparently unable to obtain a trial. Many of our readers wrote to "Thompson," sending sums of money, and we have just received from him the letter and enclosures reproduced below. Quite apart from the question of his guilt or innocence, one cannot help sympathizing with him in his seemingly hopeless situation.

"La Carce', Santa Cruz,
"Bolivia.

'To the Editor of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

"DEAR SIR,—I write to you to thank you for your kindness in publishing my story in THE WIDE WORLD, which has been the means of bringing me much kindness and sympathy. I didn't know there were so many kind people in the world. I have had a large number of letters from all parts of the globe, about half of them being from the United States. Several of the letters contained sums of money, but unfortunately they arrived at a time when I was 'absent without leave,' with the result that the authorities got hold of the letters, and, of course, pocketed the contents. They were good enough to give me the letters, but not the money, after my recapture.

POR LA CÁRCEL

Desde el número de hoy hemos abierto esta nueva sección con objeto de publicar los reportajes que cotidianamente haremos á los reos, sobre la tramitación de sus procesos:

Josué Melgar.

EDAD: 27 años.—ESTATURA: Regular.—CUERPO: Delgado.—CARA: Pálida.

INGRESÓ A LA CARCEL: En el año 1903.—Lleva nueve años de prisión.

DEFENSOR: Dr. Mariano Zambrana h.

REPORTER—¿Porqué está Ud. acurado?

MELGAR:—Por haber muerto á mi hermano.

R.—Haga Ud. el favor de comunicarme algunos detalles sobre esto particular.

M.—De buena voluntad lo haría, pero desgraciadamente ME HE OLVIDADO DE TODO AQUELLO; YA NO RECUERDO NADA.

R.—No es creible eso.

M.—Sí.....cómo nó..... además..... de nada servirá que ya diga algo porque estoy próximo á cumplir mi pena,

R.—¿Cuándo sale Ud. de acá?

M.—Dentro de un año.—Hace seis meses que se concluyó mi juicio condenándome á 10 años de prisión. Nueve años llevo acá, luego me falta uno:.....

R.—De modo que la tramitación de su juicio ha durado casi el mismo tiempo que su condena....?

M.—Sí señor. Es por eso que no obstante de creer muy exajerada la pena, no he tratado de pedir aminoramiento porque sabía de antemano que mi reclamación tardaría en tramitarse más del tiempo que debo estar aquí.

R.—Luego ¿se queja Ud. de la morosidad de la justicia?

M.—Si señor, y mucho. Es general el descontento acá por eso mismo.

R.—Qué Juzgado intervino en su asunto?

M.—El 2 ? de Partido.

R.—Alguna queja no tiene U que hacer?

M.—Ya ninguna eso podía haber sido antes, pues que hoy me resigno á pasar por todo con tal de completar el tiempo de mi prisión. Sin embargo pediré un favor: que Ud. intervenga por todos los presos para que se nos pague el socorro, pues hace 30 días no lo recibimos

R.—¡Tanto tiempo ya?

M.—Sí señor, y esto es martirizar bastante á muchos que acá no tienen quién los asista con el sustento.

R.—Hemos concluido.

A newspaper extract referring to the case of a man who lay in prison for nine years awaiting trial—For translation see next page.

"My case is in just the same state as it was two years ago, and I don't think it will ever make any advance unless a miracle happens. The judge has ordered that I shall have to pay the expenses of the five witnesses whom I have named for my defence. These witnesses live in San José, about a hundred and sixty miles from here, and as there are no railways they would have to come on foot or mule-back, and that would cost about five hundred Bolivians (forty pounds). You will therefore see it is highly probable that I shall end my days in jail, waiting for witnesses who will never come.

"As you will see by the enclosed cutting from a local newspaper, a translation of which is appended, in April of last year I managed to make my escape from prison. I had an awful time of it walking through the forest, living on any kind of fruit I could get hold of, and having to contend against all kinds of wild animals, my only weapon being a rusty old revolver that I secured before I left the prison. It was impossible for me to travel along the roads, as I should have been captured again immediately. As it was, after enduring all sorts of hardships, I had the bad luck to be taken on crossing the frontier into Argentina, and was brought back again, arriving in Santa Cruz on September 14th, my journey to the frontier and back having lasted nearly six months.

"Enclosed with this letter you will find three newspaper cuttings. The first refers to my escape, while the second describes

how the authorities kept a man named Josué Melgar in prison for nine years without a trial. I can assure you that there are more cases of the same kind here. The third cutting shows how I get my living and occupy my time in prison.

"Again thanking you, and all the kind readers of THE WIDE WORLD who have written to me, I beg to remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"JACK THOMPSON."

TRANSLATION.

FROM to-day we have opened a section with the object of publishing reports or details respecting the cases of prisoners confined in the prison of this city.

JOSUÉ MELGAR.

Age twenty-seven years, was arrested in 1903, and has therefore been confined in prison for nine years. He was defended by Dr. Mariano Zambrana, Jun.

Reporter: Of what are you accused?

Melgar: Killing my brother.

R.: Will you do me the favour of giving me a few details respecting this matter?

M.: I would do so with pleasure, but unfortunately I have forgotten all about it. I don't remember anything at all.

R.: I can hardly believe that.

M.: Why not? Besides, if I were to give you the details you ask for, it would not do any good, as in a short time I shall be set at liberty, on the completion of my sentence.

R.: When will you be set at liberty?

M.: Inside a year. It is six months since my case was finished. I was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. I have been in prison awaiting trial nine years, and am therefore short of a year to complete my sentence.

R.: You mean to say that you have been waiting nine years to have your case tried—almost as long as your sentence?

M.: Yes, sir; and it is because of this that I have not petitioned to have my sentence reduced. It would take longer to get the petition answered than I have time to serve.

EDICTO

Ruperto Bravo Arenalas, Juez 2º. da Partido de esta capitel.

Por al presente, HACE SABER a . . . . que en al juicio criminal que se le sigue de oficio por muarte e varias personas y robo de libras esterlinas, sa ha dictado el decreto siguiente.—«Santa Cruz, Mayo 4 de 1912—Rasultando del oficio anterior, que al praso . . . . . . ba fugado da la carcel, sin que pueda habar sido capturado por la Policia; de conformidad al artº. 272 dal Pdtº. criminal, llamesele por edictos a dicho acusado . . . . . . para que en el termino da diez dias sa presente anta este juzgado a seguir su defansa en el juicio criminal que se la sigua por muerte a varias personas y robo de libras, bajo la conmisatoria da ser declarado rebalde a la ley y suspenso del ajarcicio de la ciudadania, y da sar sus bienes secuestrados durante al juicio de contumacia.—Como medida de seguridad de los bienes dejados por . . . . con motivo de su fuga, depositense en podar de persona que reuna las condiciones legales, la cual sera indicada por el senor fiscal—Bravo Arenales—Ante mi—Sinforoso Leigua—secretario».

Lo que se hace saber al acusado . . . . para los fines de ley.

Santa Cruz, Mayo 7 de 1912.

RUPERTO BRAVO ARENALES.

D. S. O.

Sinforoso Leigue:

Strio.

The official notice declaring "Jack Thompson" an outlaw unless he returned to prison after his escape.

R.: Then you complain of the delay in the administration of justice?

M.: Yes, sir, very much. It is this that causes the discontent amongst the prisoners.

R.: In which court was your case tried?

M.: In the Second Criminal Court.

R.: Have you any other complaint to make?

M.: No, sir. I am resigned to finish my sentence, but I should be pleased if you would intervene on behalf of the other prisoners. It is thirty days since the authorities paid the twenty cents per day that is allowed us by the Government, and this is a great hardship for many of the prisoners, who have no friends to provide for them.

NOTICE.

Ruperto Bravo Arenales, Judge of the Second Criminal Court.

This is to give notice to "Jack Thompson" that in the criminal case brought against him, by order of the Public Prosecutor, for causing the death of several persons and for the robbery of seven thousand pounds, there has been issued the following decree:—

That the prisoner "Jack Thompson," having escaped from the public prison, and as up to the present date the police have not been able to recapture him; in accordance with Article 272 of the Criminal Procedure, we hereby give notice to the said "Jack Thompson" that unless he presents himself before this court within ten days, to make his defence to the charges brought against him, he will be declared a rebel to law and justice, will be suspended from exercising his rights as a citizen, and will have his goods and chattels confiscated until the case is settled.

As a measure of surety, the effects left by "Thompson" have been deposited with a responsible person.

(Signed) RUPERTO BRAVO ARENALES.

SINFOROSO LEIGUE (Secretary).

Santa Cruz, May 7th, 1912.

NOTICE.

"Jack Thompson," detained in the public prison of this city, begs to give notice to the public that he will repair sewing-machines, typewriters, gramophones, and clocks and watches of all descriptions at moderate prices.

AVISO

. . . . prèso en la cárcel pública de esta Ciudad, pone en conocimiento del público, que compone máquinas de cocer, de escribir, gramófonos, y, relojes, de toda cuenta á precios muy módicos.

"Thompson's" advertisement in the local paper asking for work in the way of repairs, etc.

Our Canoe Cruise Down the Dordogne.

By C. CESTRE.

A chatty description of an unconventional holiday on the beautiful upper reaches of the Dordogne, in France, amidst picturesque and quite unspoilt regions of feudal châteaux, mediæval towns, and quaint old villages. Monsieur Cestre's narrative paints such an attractive picture that we fancy many of our boating readers will be tempted to go and do likewise.

ALTHOUGH no river for tyro-boatmen, the Dordogne offers hardly any impediment to skilled canoers. An up-stream trip is out of the question, on account of the speed of the current and the many rapids that stud the river-course. Going down-stream, however, one's muscular exertion is reduced to a mere matter of good steering and of "trimming the dish." In shooting the rapids caution and promptness are called for rather than any exceptional outlay of strength.

We chose last year's summer for the expedition, because the season had been wet and the Dordogne was less likely than usual to have been affected by drought, for this river, like all those whose head-waters spring from granitic or calcareous soil, is subject to great and sudden variations of level, according to the rainfall. A powerful stream in winter, wont to overflow wherever its banks of rock leave a breach or bend back circus-like, it sometimes dwindles in summer to such a reduced size that the shallows become a considerable hindrance to canoeing. Last year, owing to especially abundant rain, the river remained comparatively full, though not swollen—excellent conditions for a cruise in such a frail craft as a Canadian canoe.

Our canoe was a cedar one, sixteen feet long, of English make, light and strong. To be carried to the starting-place she had been packed in straw and wrapped up in a tough piece of canvas, tied with cords. The goods-train rates allow sending such a package from the north to the south of France for a price not exceeding twenty francs. Our equipment consisted of a tent, two camp-beds, cooking utensils, a folding carriage with removable wheels for portages, a supply of blankets, and such provisions as were not likely to be found in village shops. For the rest we intended to draw on local resources.

The place where we decided to launch is called St. Denis près Martel, a little village where the Dordogne ceases to be a mountain torrent while still preserving all the characteristics of a wild stream. This village offered the further advantage of lying on the main railway from Paris to Toulouse, and of thus being easily accessible for the boat and ourselves.

When we arrived by the Paris train, one August morning at 5 a.m., the canoe and its accompanying paraphernalia were already awaiting us in the *petite vitesse* shed, an object of wonder for the half-dozen railway officials of the place. The strangeness of our impedimenta and the novelty of our scheme (of which we informed them) at once pricked their curiosity and won us their goodwill. They were only too ready to volunteer help and profitable directions. No suspicion of any "spying expedition" entered the thoughts of these peaceful Limousins, and so we were spared the grim inquiries and the demand for "papers" which we had had to submit to, the preceding year, on the banks of the River Doubs, near the Eastern frontier. We were far enough in the centre of France, this time, not to suffer from the feverish unrest of the "watch on the border," and to be able to enjoy our river-roaming and sight-seeing without any official bother.

As the river was two miles distant from the station we went to the village in search of a peasant's cart. A short, wiry old man, in the grey smock and broad-brimmed felt of the Limousin villagers, agreed to hitch up his donkey and convey us and our belongings to the waterside. A few minutes later we were trudging down a narrow lane, the cumbrous, straw-padded boat bulging out over the donkey's back and two of us steadying the stern to keep her from toppling over.

Meanwhile the tongues were not idle. Our

old guide had his own personal views about country life. The district, he told us, was fertile, all sorts of cereals prospered, tobacco was grown, vines yielded their luscious purple crop. The peasants made good use of the time tilling their fields and gathering the harvest; then, in the cold season, they tended the fragrant tobacco leaves and bottled their wine. The rocky hills, or *causses*, covered with meagre turf and stunted trees, were useful for horse-breeding. In the damp hollows, under the oak-roots, grew the famous Perigord truffles, a constant source of wealth for the region. The villagers lived comfortably and ought to be satisfied with their lot. Unfortunately, the movement from country to town had reached the province. The old man was sorry for it, and, with the prudence of a sage, vowed that he would never barter his freedom and health for the seeming competence of a city worker.



From a] The voyagers' tent by the riverside. [*Photograph.*

The donkey and his owner left us and disappeared round the corner of a neighbouring farmhouse while we were still busy doing up the various pieces of our luggage into shapes fit for stowing in the narrow middle compartment of the canoe. The sun was shining bright, the insects humming a protest against our crushing of the scented flowers. The Dordogne, just there leaping and splashing over a steep gravel bar, was chanting a welcome.

At last all was ready. The bank yielded its smooth surface to the gliding of the craft, which at length gently took possession of her element and struck a note of glimmering brown into the green symphony of the alders and willows. The luggage, carefully piled mound-wise and covered with a green tilt, made the little boat look like a miniature Chinese junk, ready to start downstream regardless of rapids and shallows.

But what was this sturdy figure striding towards us, weapon in rest, through the high grass? It proved to be no more appalling creature than the ferryman, coming back home from the fields, his scythe poised in his hand. He had been attracted to the water-side by the unusual presence of strangers. We were allowed to fill our water-bag at his well, and, as he belonged, no less than ourselves, to the amphibious tribe, we tackled him for information about the river. To his knowledge, there was no passage that one might call dangerous as far as Lalinde, where the Dordogne leaps over a ledge six feet high and a canal has been built to skirt round the fall. Yet, as we pointed out the frailty of the canoe-bottom, the man was not quite so positive. He was not sure that boulders might not be lurking in the shallows, and that the current under the bridges might not



From a] A picturesque corner. [*Photograph.*

prove too stiff for our canoe. He even mentioned that, a hundred miles below, under Le Buisson bridge, three young men had capsized and never been seen any more. We thanked him for his friendly warnings and promised to keep in mind the fatal bridge.

I settled down at the bow. As we were breaking off the last connection with the land I heard the ferryman muttering: "All very well for them! But they wouldn't catch *me* at that game!"

The demeanour of the stream as it entered the Cirque de Montvalent, promised to make the voyage interesting. At this place the river forces its way through the heart of the mountain, rushing into a narrow gorge and then sweeping out wide of its regular westward course. Where the gully was narrowest the waters dashed furiously against the rocks, were hurled back again, rolled in crests, twisted into eddies, and sent off at full speed. Just before getting there the turmoil of the waves, echoed back by the precipice, and the leaping of the foam-crested stream, bespoke an impending scuffle, and it was not without a throbbing of the heart that we entered the shadow of the tall rocks and saw our bow cleave the first of the white-caps. Yet our craft proved so staunch that, with all the prancing of the stream, she was only moved to a slight pitching. She obeyed the pressure of the steering paddle as readily as on a smooth lake, and careered steadily on unhampered. The Dordogne had given us a taste of its angry mood, but we had learnt that we could trust our canoe and ourselves to fare safely onward through gorge and whirlpool.

When the speed of the current and the pitch of our emotion had subsided, we struck off into a quiet side-creek and enjoyed the beauty of the scene. On one side a cliff, three hundred feet high, wedged itself into the stream. The bare stone, barred with lines of stratification as with parallel scars, reared up its huge sides shorn of all vegetation save for a few low shrubs and, at the top, a crest of trees cutting their clear outline against the sky. On the other side was a mountain ridge, squatting lengthwise, mantled with the scanty grass of the *causse* and bristling here and there with a needle-peak, sole survivor of the endless conflict waged between rock and frost.

When we got under way again the current had slackened and the rugged spine of the cliff had softened to a slope, fledged with full-grown timber. We were now floating along beside a wooded bank, listening to the song of the birds





The Château de Montfort, high above the river.
From a Photo. by Pierre Daudrix.



River, road, and railway in a narrow pass.
From a Photo. by Louis Garde, Libourne.



and the crystal music of brooks trickling through beds of moss. The lower branches of the trees mirrored themselves in the stream or dallied with its surface.

La Roque Gageac, which overhangs the roofs of the quaint village beneath.
From a Photo. by Pierre Daudrix.



The feudal castle of Beynac, dominating the landscape on its precipitous rock.
From a Photo. by Pierre Daudrix.

The boat's light ripple died away softly in the long weeds under the arching boughs, a d a faint breeze wafted to us the pungent scent of oaks, mingled with the odour of truffles.

We had now re ched a wide, calm basin above the dam which bars the river at Gluges. A portage had to be made over the sandy soil, through the brambles, under the noonday heat. When our two hundred pounds of luggage and the canoe had been carried five hundred yards below it was lu ch time. I started on a victualling raid to the village, while K——, tempted by the picturesqueness of the scene, took out his sketch-book and colours. It was a lovely place. The water was falling in foamy cascades through the breaches of a rocky dam and bubbling tumultuously underneath before it spurted forth in blue streams among green islands. On the bank opposite a dense wood tumbled down a steep slope, capped by a château with a monumental Louis Treize roof. A hundred furlongs down stream the suspension bridge of the road from Rocamadour to Brive boldly shot the expanse, flung so high above the river that the carriages and foot-passengers looked the size of toys.

From a distance Gluges was quite impressive with its steeple and red roofed cottages standing out against a background of tall rocks. When I had crossed the strip of vineyards and tobacco fields bordering the water-line, however, the village changed into a mere cluster of peasants' dwellings, rashly clinging to the cliff. All the doors were shut against the midday heat; not a single shop was open to the stranger! I had to return to the bridge and beg a loaf at the inn on the high road.

The afternoon paddle took us through more wooded scenery, till we reached a frowning bend formed by a high crag, where an uproar of chafing waters announced a rough pass. Right in the wildest part, as we were steering betweer the mountain spur and a gravel bank, there flashed upon us—too late—a long gleaming wave, that rushed forward with a sinister swoop, then curled over ominously. At the same time we felt a dull thump, which set the boat shivering from stem to stern. We had struck a boulder lying treacherously in wait just beneath the surface. The thud was not a violent one—but how had



The Dordogne at Beynac.
From a Photo. by Pierre Daudrix.

the thin cedar bottom borne the shock under the aggravating circumstances of weight and speed? We paddled hurriedly to the shore, landed at the first favourable place, and hastened to examine the damage. The long plank which ran the whole length of the keel had been slightly cracked crosswise, but the lips of the split were held firmly together by the cross-laths, letting just a little moisture ooze in. The gallant little skiff had behaved handsomely in the fray. We felt relieved, and, as evening was closing in, we set cheerfully about to pitch camp for the night.

The place where we had landed was one of the low reaches, covered by the water in winter, where no cultivation is possible. A few trees had struck their roots into the sandy soil and formed a barrier which arrested the light wood adrift on the stream in flood-time. We easily found a level site for our tent; fuel lay all round in abundance. Two large stones from among those on the beach provided the foundation for a fireplace, and after testing the direction of the wind and building our hearth as the smoke flew, we soon had a flame dancing and crackling under the kettle.

All around was utter solitude. The sounds of civilized life that might have floated past us with the breeze were drowned in the distant rumbling of the rapid. The speeding water, the scudding rack, the dense brushwood about, hemmed us in. As twilight stole on and our camp-fire darted its glowing beams into the thickening gloom we could not help thinking of the prehistoric tribes that had witnessed the change from day to night in this very spot. This region, we remembered, is one of the oldest abodes of man in the Western world, as is proved by the remains lately dug out from caves on the river banks. The crags that we admired for their beauty had been sought, ages back, for their shelter, by the remote ancestors of our race, cognate to the higher species of monkeys by the shape of their skulls and jaws, yet capable of making tools and weapons, and thus opening the way for later civilization. Countless arrow-points and knife-blades of chipped flint have been unearthed in the neighbourhood by merely scratching the surface of the soil, and some mountain caves have been found where drawings of reindeer and buffaloes could be made out rudely limned on the stone ceiling. A few miles thence archæologists discovered the pinekanthropos of Les Eyzies, where he had been resting for ten thousand years—a mere brute in appearance, yet laid in a carefully-dug grave still bearing the marks of the sacred rites dutifully performed.

Five o'clock next morning! The sun was piercing a blue-grey mist; large drops were falling heavily from the leaves of the trees, a hawk above went skimming off on a hunt, and the choppy river glimmered under the oblique rays of the sun. It was time to get aboard. But how would our canoe face the day's work with the wound in her side? Our anxiety, however, was soon dispelled. She was almost as tight as a drum, for two hours later we reached Souillac without having taken in more than a cupful of water. We thought it unnecessary to request the services of the local joiner: a pennyworth of white-lead sufficed to secure us against the perils of a leakage.

Souillac was well worth a visit, containing (besides what we wanted in the way of provisions) interesting historic souvenirs of the past. We found there, as in many places along our route, remains of mediæval France, monuments of the piety and warlike spirit of our ancestors. The old belfry, built at the time of William the Conqueror, stands now partly in ruin, having been battered down in the wars between the French of Touraine and the English of Aquitaine. The church is a pure specimen of the Southern Romanesque, characterized by its round arches and bulging cupolas. Very few repairs have been effected, and the majestic apse, grey-tinted by age, is still a witness of the piety of former ages.

Although thus preserving the memories of the past, Souillac is nevertheless an up-to-date little town, well provided with goodly hotels and much frequented by motorists. The old and the new are curiously mingled there. In an ancient Gothic-fronted house, where appetizing fruit was piled up temptingly at the window, we found the shopman polishing a pair of foils ready for use. He had been a fencing-master in the army, and now eked out his income as a fruit-dealer by training the youthful scions of well-to-do families in the noble art of thrust and parry.

Meanwhile our canoe, quietly dangling in a little bay under a cover of bushes, was waiting for us. We got aboard once more, and pretty Souillac was soon fading away in the blaze of the noonday sun. For a space the Dordogne flowed through a narrow valley at the foot of a high cliff, to which the road and the rail-track clung perilously, away up there in the sky. What a panorama was this! Wherever the crag most imperiously lorded it over the surrounding country rose battlemented châteaux, once the strongholds of feudal lords. And so we passed the châteaux of Pinsac, Cieurac, Fenelon (where the famous prelate was born), Feyrac, and the bold pile of Montfort, flaunting its flag at a dizzying height.

Thus far we had enjoyed fair weather, having

fallen upon an oasis of sunshine in the midst of a wet summer. In the evening of the second day, however, as we were pitching camp, the freshening breeze began to blow in angry gusts and to bank up clouds in the east. Everything portended a change. Our baggage was speedily packed under the overturned canoe, and we put up our tent in a hurry on a site protected by the arching branches of low trees. Fortunately, the storm scudded off to the other side of the ridge of hills, so that we were only reached by its tail-end. It is a strange, and not altogether pleasant, sensation to be awakened in the small hours of the morning by the pattering of rain on the canvas and to feel the moisture chilling you through the blankets. You hear the monotonous drum-beat of the drops, and wonder if the showers will give you a chance to dress, pack up the things, and cook the breakfast. A clearing-up favoured us, however, just in time for our preparations, and we started, wet from the dew and the dripping branches, under a lowering sky.

The whole morning was a severe trial. The rain fell intermittently in heavy squalls and the sharp gusts of wind hardly gave us a moment's respite. The sou'-wester gale, blowing right in our teeth, whipped the surface of the river into decent-sized waves hard to ride. Doubling the headlands, too, was no easy matter; the blast kept veering us round so malignantly. What with the impetuosity of the current and the violence of the wind, the shooting of the rapids was a fantastic business. After sustaining the brunt of the struggle for four hours we decided, near Vitrac, to seek refuge at the first inn by the river-side. We steered in and I jumped ashore, soaked and dripping, to reconnoitre the place.



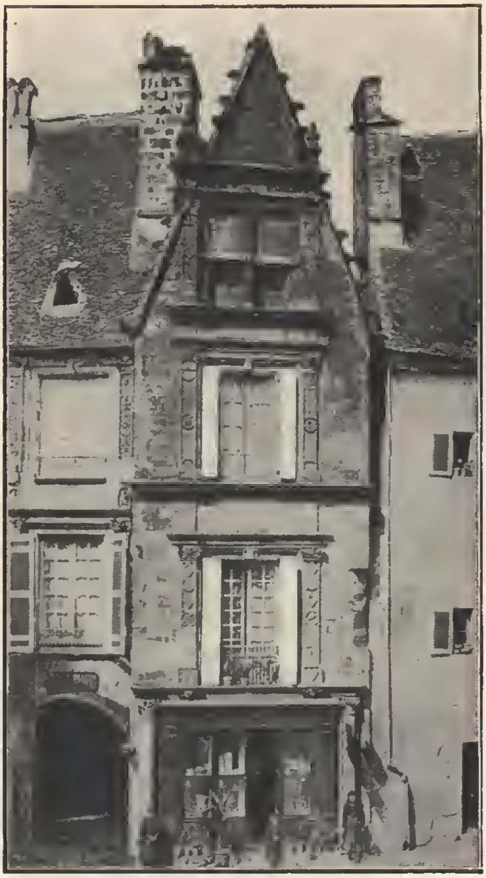
The Château of Feyrac.
From a Photo. by Louis Garde, Libourne.

It happened that Vitrac—the week before a mere village—was all astir and thrilling with the yearning to become a summer resort. A new local railway had just been opened connecting it with Sarlat and promising an exodus of week-end visitors eager to enjoy the pastimes of the water-side. Distinguished strangers and wealthy tourists might be tempted to strike off the main road and choose the quiet hamlet as a resting-place for the holidays. The most enterprising innkeeper of the place had just been fired by the ambition of running his establishment up to the Touring Club standard, and had hoisted a conspicuous signboard with the emblematic wheels and Mercury's wings. We were looked upon by him as luck-bringers, sent to secure him the favour of the gods and consecrate his premises as the Grand Hotel of Vitrac. In a minute he was down at the landing-place, piling up our things on a truck, amid gabbling geese and wondering children. We were helped to shoulder our canoe and led triumphantly to the inn, all rain-bedraggled and mud-bespattered.

You are always sure to get good meals at a French inn. As for the sleeping accommodation, people used to camp-beds are not hard to please, so the landlord might have spared us the egregious yarn that his Touring Club rooms were unopportunely occupied by a family of motorists, just gone out on a tour, but having left their luggage behind. We listened with unflinching gravity to his tale and put up with the non-Touring Club rooms which were given us. For the rest, mine host made himself very

serviceable by conducting us to the château, the cliff-caves, and the maze down the slope to the water-level. His buxom wife gracefully supervised our dinner and kept up a pleasant chat.

The new railway took us to Sarlat, where we had the pleasure of discovering, in the by-streets off the modern Rue de la République, a quaint old town of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, still alive with the memories of the Renaissance and its dainty art. The mansions of the old



An ancient house in Sarlat.
From a Photo. by Pierre Daudrix, Libourne.

provincial nobility are still standing with their graceful fronts, slender turrets, winding staircases, and well-poised roofs; the streets are still romantically irregular, revealing a new charm at every corner.

The rain had kept on falling while we were thus making use of our forced leisure, but when we were ready to start next morning the sky had cleared again, though the Dordogne was in flood. The river had already risen three feet and was likely to rise higher still, the landlord said. The perfect transparency which had made the beauty of the stream was now replaced by turbid opaqueness; the bordering bushes, half-drowned in the seething water, bent under the stress; whole trees drifted along in the middle of the current, and little green islets of entangled weeds and thorns were spinning about and bumping against the bridge piers. The violence of the current might have deterred us from resuming our trip at once had not the landlord—a member of the local Société Nautique—given us the reassuring information that the rapids, although more forbidding in appearance, were really safer, owing to the greater depth. Yet in his conversation there recurred the ominous name of Le Buisson, of which he bade us beware once more, though unable to explain what sort of danger threatened us. Thus Le Buisson loomed up before us more and more foreboding, a kind of storm-cloud over our heads, fraught with tragic vagueness and theatrical solemnity.

The Dordogne was now running high and strong, scurrying us along through narrow passes and wide basins. The clouded sky darkened all the landscape, the cliffs rose more impressive, the woods more mysterious. The smaller birds had been cowed into silence. At places, where the low banks, made of alluvial soil, lifted but a few feet above the water, the sand-swallows were fluttering about their nests, as though fearing that the swollen stream would invade them. Two herons took flight heavily, dragging their legs and craning their necks, and farther down, as we passed a narrow gully, a water-eagle struck straight aloft and disappeared in the strip of light between the cliff-tops.

It was time for a spell. We had been struggling long enough with the speed of the current, so we hooked ourselves to bushes near the rock of Caudon, at the summit of which stands the town of Domme. Inaccessible save from the land-side, this old stronghold was built there "at the time of the English," as the country people say, including in this phrase all the warlike memories of the past, the contests of the French kings with their barons, as well as the wars with the English and the religious strifes of the sixteenth century. One fortified gate remains almost entire, frowning down upon the lowland on the only side open to attack. From the terrace where the church raises its open belfry an immense reach of the river offers itself, map-like, to view. Half a mile below La Roque Gageac stands out boldly, a precipice whose brow overhangs the village roofs. At the next bend



The Rochers de Caudon.
From a Photo. by Pierre Daudrix.

the mediæval castle of Beynac crowns a towering crag.

The weather was too unsettled when we reached St. Cyprien in the evening to allow of camping out for the night, and as the town lay a mile off we alighted at a river-side inn, the Carpe d'Or, which, we learned, was much frequented in the fine season by townspeople fond of a bath and of a dish of fried fish. The landlord combined the occupations of fisherman and pig-breeder. Which of these avocations had more deeply stamped its imprint on his personality was hard to decide; but his bulky stoutness, flabby thews, and pale pink complexion made him more like one of his grunting friends than a river-god. The landlady took our visit as a matter of course, and, without putting herself out in the least, went about the preliminaries for dinner in our presence at a monumental kitchen hearth. In the course of the proceedings the ice thawed and she received, good-humouredly enough, our compliments on her deftness in jerking the fish about in the frying-pan. Her witchery can only be described by its results—we had never eaten such a savoury meal of fish before in our lives.

The whole *menu* was well designed to remind us that we were in the heart of Perigord, where geese are especially bred with a view to yielding *foies gras* and truffles are the precious growth of the damp underwood. Every housewife in the district is a good hand at tempering the ingredients of a truffled duck or a goose-pie, and every peasant is a *gourmet.* The local wine has a certain raw flavour which does not suit untutored palates; but Perigord is next neighbour to Guyenne, and every decent inn is well provided with bottled claret. Our landlady's *pâté de foie gras* filled the room with its fragrance, and it was an extra element of delight to learn from mine host (who, having done with his pigs, was ready for his guests) in what brushwood the particular truffles had been gathered and what grunting fellow of the keen smell had unearthed them with his sturdy snout.

Such snatches of civilized life are not unwelcome among the vicissitudes of a camping tour; you can put up with the rain when no greater mishap befalls you than stumbling on such a "Castle Dangerous." We felt quite rejuvenated and buoyant when we jumped aboard next morning and shot away on the flooded Dordogne.

Every hour now brought us nearer the ill-famed Buisson bridge. But no one had yet cleared up the mystery attached to the place.



A halt for lunch in the woods.
From a Photograph.

It seemed that the rumour of a peril lurking there had floated up-stream with the breeze, although no sluggish fisherman plying his trade between two rapids was able to do anything but repeat vaguely and superstitiously what he had gathered from hearsay. About two miles above the fatal spot, however, as we were striking off the current into the quiet channel of a little tributary in order to light a cigarette and ponder over approaching events, we were startled by a greeting from behind a willow. It proceeded from an angler who had escaped our notice. Instead of resenting our intrusion, he had thus humanely hailed two fellow water-lovers. We scented a man of a different type from the boors we had thus far met with on the river, and willingly entered into a conversation. Our new friend turned out to be an engine-driver belonging to the important railway junction and depot of Le Buisson. His open face and direct speech betokened a mind trained to master facts and follow the connection of cause with effect. When we had satisfied his legitimate curiosity as to our voyage, our goal, and the origin and make of our canoe, he readily confided to us his passion for the water and how he spent much of his holidays in a boat, fishing. Here at last was the long-looked-for guide, the man to solve the riddle of the river-Sphinx and to reveal to us what gruesome danger we were running into, grinning rock or snarling whirlpool! A knowing look met ours when we broached the subject; his smile answered our smile, as of a man who pierces through popular credulity and parochial silliness. "Yes," he said, "you will have to be careful at Le Buisson bridge. But you have been through a dozen passes harder than this. The hitch there lies in the current, which strikes the bridge-pier slantwise, and might hurl you on against the corner-stone if you lost control of the steering of your boat. But keep straight and you'll be all right."

Half an hour later we reached the legendary "dead man's bridge," and, keeping at equal distances from the piers, shot through the middle arch with a mere swirl of the paddle.

This feat marked the climax of our voyage. We made a stay at Le Buisson, occupying the afternoon with a walk to the church and cloister of Cadoin, six miles from the river. When we returned to our camp, at a safe distance from the mischievousness of urchins and the greedy curiosity of tramps, we found the canoe stranded on the spot where she had been floating three hours before. The swollen river was beginning to shrink back to its wonted summer level.



A peaceful stretch of the Dordogne.
From a Photograph.

During the next two days the rolling country on both sides gradually flattened. The landscape grew tamer. The river was now flowing more gently towards the fertile but unpicturesque lowlands of Bergerac. At Mauzac we entered the canal which marked the dull transition from wild to civilized life.

The weather kept glorious for the last stretch of paddling down to Lalinde, where we decided to pack the canoe again and load it on a goods train northward, whence it came. And so our canoe cruise came to an end, and regretfully we parted with our beautiful Dordogne, its waters sparkling in the sunshine.



WHAT FAIRFAX DID

By "ASSISTANT RESIDENT."

ILLUSTRATED BY G. HENRY EVISON.

A dramatic story of the "White Man's Burden." The young Political Officer in charge of a great African province found himself, without troops at his back, face to face with a powerful Emir who was about to declare wa· on the British and endeavour to sweep them out of his country. How, by sheer pluck and force of personality, the young official saved the situation is told in this narrative. The correct names of persons and places concerned have had to be suppressed, but have been supplied to us in confidence.

YEARS ago all the world and his wife knew about the Mahdi. He was a ferocious person, probably black as to colour, a terrible slave-raider, who kept scores and scores of wives, and occasioned endless bloodshed and trouble in Upper Egypt.

Time went on, the personal element faded, and people got to talking of Mahdism—the condition of affairs to which the activities of the Mahdi had given rise. Again a few years passed, and there came Kitchener, and Omdurman, and the destruction of the Khalifa and his hordes. Whereat the world and his wife heaved a sigh of grateful relief, saying, "Thank goodness; that's all over and done with." And Mahdi and Mahdism alike passed from thought.

Unfortunately, however, the matter did *not* end there. The Mahdi was the living expression of Mohammedanism militant, as his acts were the logical and inevitable expression of its teachings. Right across the top of Africa Islam holds sway, and that part of the continent lying north of the Equator is peopled chiefly by followers of the Prophet.

The effects of the Mahdi's movements were felt and reflected throughout the Moslem communities of Africa; more, they are felt to-day as a living force. "Slay the infidel, possess yourselves the land," is an ideal which naturally and specially commends itself to those Mohammedans who—as in the case of the territories comprised within the British, French, and German possessions—have seen the "infidel" establish himself in the country by force of arms. They have watched him assume the control of affairs, and they have felt his heavy hand upon the slave-raider and upon the oppressor and evil-doer generally. The prohibition of the custom of raiding pagan tribes for slaves, and the gradual abolition of the institution of slavery itself, tend necessarily to the impoverishment of the present generation of Mussulman chieftains. Each of these chieftains maintains a great crowd of dependents, also Moslems, who form the bulk of the local aristocracy. Hence, if the "big man" loses a shilling, the members of his entourage are affected.

In any community a radical change of conditions is bound to operate adversely in respect of some individuals, and the Mussulman chiefs provide the "hard case" of the existing situation. In the long run, of course, chiefs, like the rest of the population, will benefit by the change, but in the earliest stage of the transition they are bound to suffer.

The liberty to call together their followers and go forth to war upon a neighbour has, of course, passed away from them for ever. His religion seems to endue the Moslem with a taste for blood, and a Government which bans the

gratification of this taste can hardly ever be really acceptable to him. What, he argues, is the ability to purchase an automobile, a gramophone, European clothes and saddlery, compared with the life-and-death powers of an irresponsible autocrat—powers that he has lost? So he is not content, nor does it seem likely that mere wealth will ever make up to him the price he has had to pay for it.

Not very long ago the Political Cfficer in charge of a huge province in Northern Nigeria found himself in a very delicate position. In consequence of trouble at the other end of the Pr tectorate the company of native infantry which was ordinarily at his disposition had been withdrawn. Paucity of staff accounted for his having with him no junior man of his own department. In the station, the provincial headquarters, were a white doctor and one very young and quite inexperienced officer of constabulary, recently arrived in the country. The available force consisted of some thirty native constables—worthy enough fellows, armed with carbines, some of which could be fired. And, lastly, there were the usual dozen political agents, interpreters, and couriers, concerning whose value in their respective callings there might be some doubt, but in regard to whose fighting capacity there could be none whatever.

Less than two miles away from the station, across the plain, its high mud walls grim and stark in the sunlight, stood a great native city. The station itself straggled along rather more than a mile of a low ridge—three bungalows, the courthouse, stores, and in the midst the fort, then garrisoned by the thirty constables. All these buildings were well separated, and each isolated from the others. Now that the troops were gone, station and fort alike were, from a military point of view, untenable.

The city was the seat of an Emir, a great and powerful chief, ruler of the people for a hundred miles around. It was the custom of the Emir once a week to come in state, with his immediate entourage, attended by a mounted escort, to call officially upon the Resident in the station. Robed in magnificent flowing garments, turbaned and veiled, splendidly mounted on a gaily-caparisoned charger, this Emir was a fine figure of a man. And it was a brave sight when he and his bodyguard of spearmen, clad in armour, well mounted on useful animals, came clattering and jingling and sparkling out across the plain up to the courthouse.

At the time of which I write, however, this visit was some days overdue. The Emir had not come, nor had he sent any explanation or excuse of any kind. "From information received," the Resident knew that a Mallam had arrived in the city some days previously. This person was described to him as "el Haji"—one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca—an undertaking which at that period was an affair of some three years as to time, and of risks—murder, enslavement, starvation—almost incalculable.

The Mallam arrived in the city alone and afoot from the North, and the report added that he had been instantly received by the Emir with great honour, and installed in a big house close to the palace.

The "North" means that vast, vague, ill-defined extent of country east and south of the Sahara, the home of Senussi, and the haunt of those fierce, ruthless, fighting Moslem tribes from which sprang the Mahdi. The Resident's troops had been taken from him to form part of a force whose objective was in that portion of the Protectorate bordering upon this territory. They had gone to operate against a powerful chief who was known to be actively engaged in promoting a conspiracy amongst his co-religionists throughout the Protectorate to destroy, once for all, the usurping infidels.

The neglect by the Emir of his customary visit had led to a feeling of uneasiness in the station. Servants had made excuse for not going into the city to market, and a courier, sent with a letter to the Emir, had failed to return, nor was any news of him forthcoming. Normally, a crowd of natives with complaints and petitions awaited the Resident each morning outside the courthouse, but for nearly a week not one single man had been seen there. The usual hawkers came no more to the station peddling their small wares. The constabulary and native staff had begun to indulge in covert insolence to the white officials, several "boys" were reported as having disappeared, and the four clerks from the coast—trousered negroes these, and Christians of sorts—grey-black with panic, and sobbing bitterly, had besought permission from the Resident to feed and sleep in the courthouse. Lastly, there was no telegraph line in the station.

Such was the position that confronted the Resident one hot, dusty day in June. The contemplation of it went far towards spoiling his lunch, and he rose up and went across to the police office, where he found the police officer, collarless and in shirt-sleeves, busy with returns and a long cigar.

"Afternoon," said the Resident.

"Halloa!" replied the other. "Take a pew."

The visitor took one, also a cigar. Then he asked, "All your men in the fort?"

"Yes. I moved 'em up there this morning

from their own barracks. And the ammunition and stores are there also, of course."

"Well, I should like to inspect the detachment this afternoon—four-thirty, full marching order, please. I'm going down to the town presently, and I'll come and look at them on my way back."

With that he took his leave.

A few hundred yards away stood the medical officer's bungalow, and towards this the Resident bent his steps. Arrived there, he found the grizzled occupant inspecting his battery of sporting guns. Dr. Warren was, and is, a mighty hunter, and his collection of guns and trophies is known and discussed from Kano to Calabar. The man of medicine was as fully alive to the possibilities of the situation as was the Resident himself. Hence, possibly, this overhauling of the guns.

Fairfax told him of his orders to "the child," for so they called the policeman.

"You will oblige me greatly, Warren," he added, "if you will stroll over to the fort about four o'clock. Take the guns over with you, and the armourer can pull 'em through for you. I'm off to the city now, and I may be back by then, or I may not. Whilst you are in the fort you might keep your weather eye on the road out from the city. We shall know within a couple of hours whether we're going to have trouble. If we are, you'll see a lot of people come streaming out along that road, and you'll be comfortably inside the fort in plenty of time."

"Right-o!" said the doctor, and he held out his hand.

Back in his own bungalow, Mr. Resident Fairfax lost no time in arraying himself in the rather gorgeous uniform he affected on occasions of ceremony. That afternoon, however, he added a revolver to the kit. The senior political-agent-cum-interpreter was in attendance, and Fairfax explained that he required his company to the Emir's palace.



"Scowls greeted the little party, and muttered threats accompanied it."

"You will walk before me," he said, "and you understand what this is?" he concluded, with a tap at the pistol holster on his hip.

The little party started forth. First walked the interpreter, then Fairfax, mounted, followed by the groom. Awudu Bashar, ex-soldier, at



"Fairfax strode briskly across to the colonnade."

one time of the Senegal Tirailleurs, late of the West African Frontier Force, and now most efficient and devoted of personal orderlies, brought up the rear of the procession, carrying a Rurkhee chair. In this order they proceeded to the city. They passed the gate without hindrance, and so on within the walls. There all was ferment and excitement. Buying and selling in the market there was none. Groups of men, always men—there were no children or women to be seen—stood about, talking and gesticulating. The sight of them, and their noise, was alike sinister, ominous, threatening. The appearance and swift passage of the tiny cortège through their midst were a complete surprise. Scowls greeted it, muttered threats accompanied it, but the little party, threading its way rapidly through the throng, reached the Emir's palace without mishap. Arrived there, the interpreter hesitated for a moment.

"Go ahead," said Fairfax, his hand on the pistol holster, and the man led on under the square tower that formed the gate, across a great open court, under another smaller tower, and so to a second court, with fine shady trees in the midst, and a colonnade running along one side.

The court was more or less full of men, all armed, lounging, walking, sitting, standing, restless and expectant. In the colonnade, seated on a lion-skin, surrounded by his great officers, was the Emir, apparently in council. Fairfax reined up. The surprise was perfect. A few men rose to their feet, then, seeing that the Emir remained seated, sat down again.

Fairfax dismounted and strode briskly across to the colonnade. He was a young man, little more than thirty, decision personified, and he had an eye. His manner awed the crowd, and all, Emir included, rose up. It was done sullenly, surlily, and with the worst of evil grace, but stand up they did, and the Resident had scored the first point in the game of bluff he proposed to himself. Orderly Awudu Bashar set down the Rurkhee chair some four yards from the Emir, facing him, and took post behind it. Fairfax took his seat, and motioned the Emir to sit. His people completed the circle. The usual compliments were passed, the white man closely studying the faces around him the while.

Very soon he decided upon the identity of the emissary from the North. Close to the Emir there sat a tall, lean man, with beautifully-formed hands and feet, aquiline features, and blazing eyes—the eyes of a fanatic. No negro this,



but a Fulani, light-skinned, thoroughbred-looking, his striking personality gaining by comparison with the men about him.

"Apparently a cultured, intelligent fellow; certainly a dangerous one," thought the Resident.

The man was dressed all in white, not elaborately, but his things were spotless. On his head rested the green turban that indicates "el Haji."

After the salutations, Fairfax asked for his horse to be watered, and the Emir gave the necessary orders. Then Fairfax got to business. Addressing himself to the Emir, he spoke slowly and in a loud tone, in Hausa, and the court was filled with his auditors.

"There is here in the town," he said, "a Mallam from Senussi, who has come to lead you, Emir, unto trouble. And not you alone, but all your people also. The soldiers are even now marching against his friends in the North, because of their intriguings, and because they have put their heads together, and have joined their hands to break the peace of the great King, the father of us all. A fellow of ill-omen, and of evil heart, he seeks to drag you also down to ruin with them."

And he paused, his arm extending, pointing out the man from the North.

"You, Emir, and your headmen here, are a Court. You have powers of life and death. I charge this man, this Mallam, with sedition, with stirring up the people to wrong-doing that could only end in their own utter ruin. It is my order that you try him, here and now, before me."

The proceedings began. Fairfax's eyes were everywhere, and no word or movement escaped him. The tension was enormous, the strain on the man not possible to describe. The Court was dilatory. It raised difficulties, it hesitated, it wavered; but through all Fairfax held on tight, and by sheer tenacity and force of personality he kept it to the issue in hand. Once started, the Resident was not the man to relax the pace, and he sustained the pressure with all his strength and energy, and with every ounce of will-power he possessed.

Educated Moslems are keen lawyers, and the Resident's knowledge of the code of Islam stood him in good stead. The cause, he told them, was plain. Guilty or not guilty, it was for them to decide upon the evidence. And he held them closely to their work. The afternoon sped away, and twilight, the swift, sweet African twilight, came and passed and, passing, deepened into night. Native lamps were brought and placed here and there on the ground, lamps such as the patriarchs used. A little breeze flittered about the court, and the flickering lights fell upon the faces of judges and accused, now revealing, now veiling them. Fairfax sat on, and behind him, stiff at attention, through all the long hours, stood Orderly Awudu Bashar.

At last the Court found the charge proved, but the judges at first refused to pronounce sentence. There was but one, and that death,



"The accused made no movement, he spoke no word."

for such a crime, and it took all that the Resident had left of will-power to induce them to make an end of the business. Ultimately he prevailed, and they passed sentence of death. The Emir, as president of the Court, formally detailed the proceedings to Fairfax, and submitted the sentence for confirmation. The white man sat up in his chair.

"The Native Court," he said, addressing the Mallam, "have found you guilty of the greatest of all possible crimes, on evidence in respect of which there can be no dispute. The acts which constitute your crime are within the personal knowledge of every single member of the Court. You came to this city purposing to raise the people against the Government. Had you succeeded in your design, these misguided people would have murdered me and the other white men here. After that the soldiers would have come, the city would have been destroyed, many men would have been killed in battle, and others would have been hanged. Ruin, complete and utter, is what you strove to compass for this city and people. You failed in your attempt—Allah prevented you from succeeding. The Native Court have sentenced you to death. I confirm that sentence, and I direct the Native Court to carry it into execution forthwith by hanging you."

A long pause ensued. The light of the lamps, flickering still, shone now upon faces stricken with dismay, horror, consternation, terror. But the Resident had the gathering thoroughly in hand by this time; he saw complete success within his grasp, and he pressed them hard. The accused made no movement, he spoke no word. He remained perfectly calm. His was the one face that showed no sign of stress or fear. He bowed his head slightly when Fairfax finished speaking, and remained passive. By race and religion alike a fatalist, his bearing in that hour did honour to his breeding and to his faith.

He was hanged by the neck until he was dead, on one of the trees of the court.

Then Fairfax's horse was brought, and he rode forth from the palace, through the city, past the gate, and back to the station in the moonlight stillness of the night. The peril was past.

INTO THE UNKNOWN.

Adventure and Discovery in Dutch New Guinea.

By

CAPTAIN C. G. RAWLING, C.I.E.

An account of the doings of the British expedition dispatched in 1909 to Dutch New Guinea for the purpose of exploring the vast unknown regions of that part of the great island. The expedition, besides making valuable collections of birds and beasts, destined for the British Museum, discovered a strange new race of men, the Tapiro pygmies, none of whom reach five feet in height. The hardships undergone by the explorers were terrible, only eleven men out of four hundred remaining fit for duty at the conclusion of operations. In these articles Captain Rawling, who was latterly in command of the expedition, describes some of the discoveries made and paints a vivid picture of the strenuous work and hardship entailed upon the explorer in the interior of New Guinea, where all the forces of man and Nature conspire against the intruder.

IV.

WHEN we set out the rains had started afresh, the rivers were in flood, and the forest under water, but, in spite of these obstacles—and they were formidable indeed—steady progress was made. At some time or another, we knew, the streams would be fordable, even though the passage had to be carried out by struggling breast-high through a headlong torrent.

For the passage of the Tuaba, however, a canoe had to be utilized as a ferry, and, with the assistance of the natives, this worked well. Had we been alone, it is very doubtful if a single load could have been transported across, so strong was the current. Useful as the natives were, however, they would not entertain the idea of entering the mountains, so that our own imported labour now became indispensable. For some unknown reason an entry into the hills was most repugnant to our Papuans, whether through fear of spirits, from dislike of crossing the border into pygmy-land, or from a more natural objection to climbing, we never could understand. Consequently, having handed in their loads at the farthest point, they were dismissed, each man being given a note to the Gurkha left in charge of the camp to the effect that he was to receive an axe-head.

Papuan Cheating.

We had all along treated them so fairly and justly that they looked upon these papers as the most secure of investments, so much so that very often they would not take the trouble to present them till it suited their convenience. Writing, of course, they did not understand, and they concluded therefore that the payment had something to do with the shape of the paper, and so they argued that the result would be the same if another piece of paper of a like size, however obtained, was handed in, and that in this way they would rapidly grow rich. They pretended much indignation at the failure of their little plans, and after many rebuffs concluded that there must be some other reason for their want of success. A few days later a man was given his payment for some work done, the paper order being folded after the manner of a *billet-doux.* At the receipt of custom two men appeared, both with *billets-doux* exactly resembling one another, of the same size and method of folding, one with "axe-head" written inside, the other having merely the printing of a newspaper. Again no payment resulted to the "dummy" bearer, but some corporal punishment instead. After that the imitation business languished.

Whilst on this subject I may mention that the Papuans at once recognized such pictures from illustrated papers as represented dogs, pigs, birds, and such-like things, but as cows, horses, and many other animals were totally unknown to them they could only give them names such as they knew. Thus, a cavalry soldier they would describe as a white man on a pig; a cow would be called a dog, and so on. They were completely overcome with the beauty of actresses and ladies of fashion, thumping their chests with delight, and carrying off the treasures to their homes, there to gloat over them in silence, envying Marshall and me greatly, as we boldly claimed every beauty as one of our numerous wives!

But I am digressing. It was not the idiosyncrasies of the natives that monopolized our thoughts, but the chances of success likely to attend our final attempt at an advance into the mountains, which had so long defied us.

Five great rivers had been crossed, but the sixth, the Iwaka, defeated every plan that we tried, and finally forced us up-stream in the hope



From a] An up-river native. [*Photograph.*

that a tributary might be discovered over which a bridge could be constructed. Our intended route lay to the east, and this river continued to run from the north in an unbroken volume, rushing along between almost precipitous banks. A view obtained from a hill three thousand feet high confirmed our suspicions that no ford would be found for many marches, and long after all available food had been consumed.

A Dangerous Crossing.

For three days attempts were made to fell trees in such a manner as to span the river, but every tree either broke its back or was swept away by the torrent. Still, cross we must if we were to attain our objective, and accordingly a big reward was offered to any man or body of men who would succeed in making a bridge in two days. All tried their hands, but with no success until late that evening the Gurkhas felled a tree with such precision that it spanned the torrent.

They then crossed the river and fixed a rattan rope from bank to bank as additional security, so that, whatever might happen, some form of communication might be kept with the opposite shore.

As was to be feared, a spate came down that night and swept the tree-bridge away, so that our only connection with the opposite bank was now the thin strand of rattan. If only one man could be got across, the bridge could be completed, failing which the work was useless. The question arose as to the possibility, and whether a volunteer could be found. The river was in full flood, a turbid brown mass of water, fifteen feet in depth and forty-five to fifty yards wide, breaking up below in such foaming rapids that if a man were swept away there was but little chance of his coming out alive.

A reward was offered to any of the lighter coolies to trust their lives to the frail strand of rope, but none would venture, even though many months' pay was offered. It was then that Jangbir, a Gurkha, showed of what stuff this hardy race are made. Without ostentation, and with perfect coolness, he decided to make the attempt. A rattan rope was passed round his waist, necessarily thin and light, for, were it to be caught in the swirl of the river, it would probably be torn from his grasp, and yet it had



Two of the Gurkhas who took part in the final advance and rendered invaluable services—Janghir, the man on the left, was the hero of the river crossing here described.

From a Photograph.

to be strong enough to offer a chance of his being dragged back to safety were he cast into the torrent.

Anxiously we watched him lower himself into the river and, hand over hand, start on his perilous voyage. The strength of the current dragged his body out horizontally, willing hands paying out the rope attached to his waist. Three-quarters or more of the way was accomplished when that which we most dreaded happened, the waist-rope sagging into the water and at once threatening to drag him from his hold. In an attempt to lighten the strain the rope was paid out as fast as posible, but this only made matters worse, for the weight was now so great that it seemed as if seconds only must pass before he would be torn from his hold, and the second stage, that of attempting to save his life, begun.



From a] **A typical native hut.** *[Photograph.*

Then the most fortunate thing happened. The waist rope, never too strong, snapped. Relieved of the weight, Jangbir, with one last effort, dragged himself along for a few more yards and stood safe on the bank. It was with a sigh of the utmost thankfulness that we witnessed his safe arrival. Jangbir, as if his feat was quite an ordinary affair, at once proceeded to collect more rattan rope for the building of the bridge. The whole act, carried out as it was in cold blood, with every chance of failure and considerable risk of death, was one of the pluckiest I have ever seen.

With one man across, the work of construction rapidly progressed. Rattan after rattan was passed from bank to bank and securely lashed to the trees until an unbreakable rope of five strands, along which other men could pass in safety, spanned the river.

The bridge was built after the style of those in use in the Himalayas and in many other parts of the world. On the evening of the second day it was complete, and of sufficient strength to take several coolies at a time and capable of enduring for months.

The advance now started in earnest. Seven marches from Parimau had been completed, and five more were to be accomplished before we reached our goal, a six-thousand-foot mountain whence a glorious view was obtained of the whole country as far as the eye could reach. From here valuable mapping was accomplished and the country surveyed up to the snows.

We were now in a position to realize the utter impossibility of the task we had set out to accomplish with the Mimika River as the line of advance. This, however, was only one item in the work of the expedition, and one which hardly affected the survey or the collecting of zoological specimens.

By the end of the year eleven marches had been prepared through the dense forest to the east of Parimau, the up-river camp, that is to say, seventeen marches from the sea, besides numerous pathways due north into the mountains, and the last of the unfortunate coolies had died or been invalided out of the country. With them went half the European force, leaving as the sole remainder of the original members of the expedition three English, one Dutchman, four Gurkhas, two Javanese soldiers, and one convict.

The zoological collections were now practically complete, but before leaving the country one final attempt was made to penetrate far into the mountains and up to the snows.

While fresh coolies were being collected in the East Indian Islands, ethnographical and anthropological objects were purchased and other collections of value made. Of these objects skulls must not be forgotten, as now that the people had learnt that we did them no harm they were willing to dispose of the relics of their ancestors. It was a weird sight to behold half-a-dozen men standing in a row, each with a skull under his arm, offering it for sale, with long and eloquent explanations as to its origin, whether from mother, wife, or child.

Space, however, does not permit of a description of the coast work carried out on the rivers to the east, or of the accidents which befell the exploring parties before our mission was completed. Sufficient had been accomplished to fulfil the hopes of the societies who had inaugurated the expedition. Large and valuable collections of birds, mammals, reptiles, butterflies, moths, and insects, together with botanical specimens, had been got together. A survey of three thousand square miles of hitherto unknown country had been accomplished, geographical and geological problems solved, new snow mountains located, and the whole accurately measured and the heights fixed. To this must be added the knowledge acquired of the races of the plains and the discovery of the new race, the Tapiro tribe of pygmies. Spite of all this, more remains to be done—work which the Dutch Government has set itself energetically to execute, and in which we, who have received so much kindness at the hands of the representatives of Holland, wish them the utmost success.



The base camp at Wakatimi as it appeared when finally abandoned by the expedition.
From a Photograph.



From a] The last boat-loads of men and stores leaving the country. [*Photograph.*

CHASING THE GUN-RUNNERS.

WRITTEN FROM THE NOTES OF LIEUT. T. J. FARRELL, ROYAL INDIAN MARINE.
By
J. P. O'LOGHLEN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED HOLMES, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

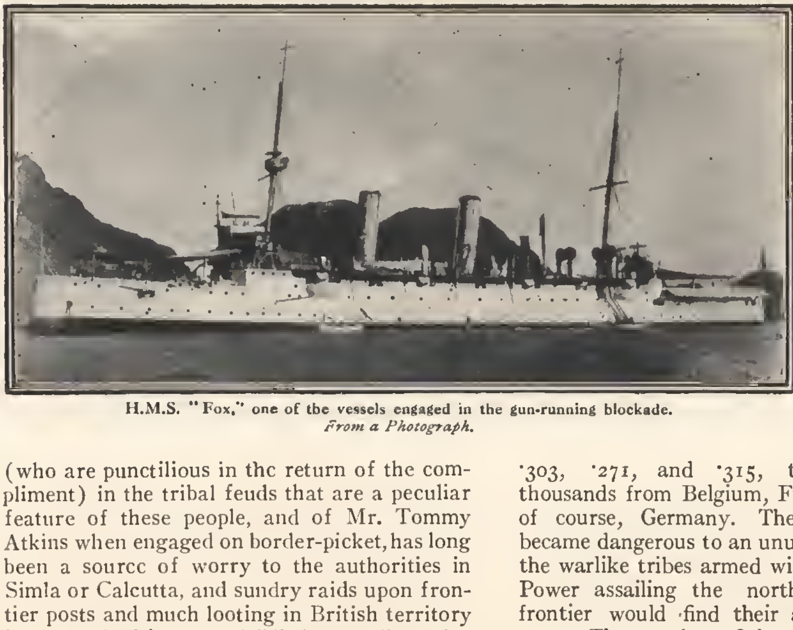
A breezy account of an arduous and dangerous service, concerning which the public hears very little—the never-ending war with the gun-runners of the Persian Gulf, carried on by British warships and their boats' crews, who pit their pluck and resource against the cunning of some of the most villainous and desperate ruffians on earth.

THE Khels and other tribes dwelling upon the northern frontier of India, though to a considerable degree pastoral in their mode of life, are sadly lacking in the attributes of bucolic peace that one usually associates with the "keepers of the flocks and watchers of the sheepfold." They are, in fact, to all intents and purposes, a race of professional thieves and murderers.

Their sniping of objectionable neighbours (who are punctilious in the return of the compliment) in the tribal feuds that are a peculiar feature of these people, and of Mr. Tommy Atkins when engaged on border-picket, has long been a source of worry to the authorities in Simla or Calcutta, and sundry raids upon frontier posts and much looting in British territory have resulted in several "little wars," carried on with a view to finally pacifying the border.

Arms were seized wholesale and burnt, and the traffic in rifles, pistols, and ammunition sternly interdicted through India, so that for a time peace of a kind was supposed to dwell amid the hills.

Then the old state of things began and went on again as merrily as before, in spite of the fact that Pathan, Afridi, Zaka, and other Khels were thought to be entirely without arms of precision. Therefore arose the question: Whence did these tribesmen obtain, not Tower muskets and Arab flint-locks, but up-to-date rifles of high power? Investigation showed that a regular trade in guns was being carried on from Europe *viâ* the Persian Gulf and thence *viâ* camel and pack to the hillmen. Bombay even was a centre of the agents, but Muscat, in the State of Oman, Arabia, was the actual "jumping-off place."



H.M.S. "Fox," one of the vessels engaged in the gun-running blockade.
From a Photograph.

Hidden away in all sorts of merchandise came whole cargoes of Enfields, French Martinis, and deadly Mausers, with ammunition galore: ·745, ·303, ·271, and ·315, they came out in thousands from Belgium, France, England, and, of course, Germany. The frontier of India became dangerous to an unusual degree, for with the warlike tribes armed with modern rifles any Power assailing the north or north-western frontier would find their aid a very valuable asset. They are born fighters, with a deep hatred of any settled rule and "ready for a row" at short notice. It was evident that a stop had to be put to this trade, and accordingly, a division of cruisers and other armed craft was detailed

as a preventive force to operate in the Persian Gulf. One ship alone, H.M.S. *Fox*, has captured and destroyed a vast collection of arms and ammunition. The service against the gun-runners' dhows, sailing from Muscat and other points, is arduous and dangerous in the extreme. Since the public hears but meagre accounts of naval operations in the Persian Gulf, the following account of an officer's actual experiences in the suppression of the illicit traffic in arms in those waters will be found of particular interest.



Traders at Lingah, in the Persian Gulf—These are the sort of people who engage in gun-running.
From a Photograph.

Shortly after passing in Hindustani, Lieutenant Farrell was appointed to H.M.S. *Fox*, the senior naval officer's ship of the Persian Gulf division of the East India Squadron, and as this ship was a *bête noire* to the gun-running fraternity, he came to the conclusion that he was not going to have a rosy time. Trouble of a sort there was from the very commencement of the journey from Bombay in the B.I. boat *Dwarka* to Karachi, where he had orders to report to the Marine transport officer for instructions as to where to join the *Fox*. The weather was bad to the worst degree, and everything on board was awash, so that the cruiser's newly-appointed officer was glad of a prospect of getting clear at Karachi. But it was not to be. The *Fox* was not there when, twenty-fours late in an average thirty-six hours' run, the *Dwarka* arrived.

"Proceed to Muscat," was the order, and so, still on the mail boat's passenger list, Lieutenant Farrell continued his *Fox* hunt.

The Tuesday following the Sunday of his leaving Karachi found him seeking tidings of his quarry from H.M.S. *Perseus* in the sun-baked port of Muscat; but nobody knew the whereabouts of the *Fox*. Eventually instructions emanated with advisory comments. "Follow senior naval officer's mails. You're sure to find the *Fox* some day"; and the search began anew.

Up anchor and away again, this time to another "one-eyed" place called Lingah, where, it turned out, the senior naval officer's mail was to be landed, and where, too, the searcher after the elusive cruiser was to go ashore, in spite of the fact that not a sign of his ship could be seen. Anyhow, orders are orders, so the young officer mustered his kit and stood by ready to go ashore to the sweltering hole of Lingah, when down came the visitation of quarantine.

Sun-scorched, almost overwhelmed by the concentrated essence of a thousand stenches from the hold of a native barge—the quarantine boat of this forsaken spot—Lieutenant Farrell

endured a six-hour trip to the quarantine station, or within half a mile thereof, for when this bark of perfumes grounded in shallow water, himself and his dunnage were carried bodily ashore by the odoriferous crew and deposited —marooned is the proper word—upon a desolate island. Here the luckless officer had to spend the night, and since the only building was a rude Persian hut that had not been cleaned out for some time, and was utterly destitute of anything of convenience, his evening orisons must have been varied and peculiar. Next morning, however, the castaway of this abominable island found his way aboard H.M.S. *Fox* and reported himself for duty.



From a] **Typical natives of Muscat.** [*Photograph.*

There was some excitement when a wireless message told the *Fox* that a party of hill gentry were going to visit Bunder Abbas and turn the place into a shambles after looting the goods and chattels of the inhabitants, and since the senior naval officer thought his ship should do the honours, away for the threatened city she went at full speed, after confiscating the cargoes of two innocent-looking "buggalows,"



Captured gun-running dhows in Muscat Harbour, awaiting their last tow out to sea, where they will be burnt.
From a Photograph.

which, ostensibly timber-laden, had concealed in a specially-constructed false deck a valuable consignment of about four hundred modern rifles and Mauser pistols and one hundred and seventy thousand rounds of ammunition.

On arriving at Bunder Abbas it was "clear ship for action," and the *Fox's* six-inch and 4·7 teeth bared for a meal of sundry bloodthirsty hill-men, who, however, instead of having a "night out" of plunder, bloodshed, and general devilment, kept away and contented themselves with showering Mussulman curses on the *giaour* who was instrumental in bringing the man-o'-war into the programme and spoiling a joyous *razzia*. After quitting Bunder Abbas the *Fox* headed for Muscat, but was intercepted by a wireless message to the effect that arms had been landed at the village of Habt, on the Makran coast. So she coaled in a tearing hurry at Muscat and went off hot-foot, like the vermin she is named after, to do mischief upon the inhabitants of Habt. The place was a hen-roost for the "Foxes," and rifles and cartridges the chickens and eggs they sought, and as she steamed across the Gulf her heat-seared executive drew up plans of campaign.

The *Fox's* Number One (*anglice,* First Lieutenant) assumed the carrying out of the operations of punishing the village, and it was decided to land twenty Marines and twenty bluejackets in cutters, whilst a covering party in an armed launch stood by to attend to objections to the business by the "mayor and burgesses"—or their Habtian equivalents.

Lieutenant Farrell's notes refer to this incident as follows:—

Lieutenant —— was told off to go away in charge of the Marines and myself in charge of the bluejackets. We wore khaki, of course, and every one of us was an arsenal in himself.

The ship kept well away from the shore until the hour of darkness. Then, with all lights doused, we crept in, going dead slow towards Habt, off which we came to anchor about nine p.m. The two cutters' crews were then mustered, magazines charged, and off we went. We pulled away from the ship to the armed launch, which gave us a tow in-shore, and then, after casting off, took up a station to cover the landing operations. Lieutenant ——'s boat and mine then made for the beach. The arrangement was to land quietly, get behind the village, and then signal the *Fox* by rocket to switch on searchlights, and, if necessary, to open fire in order to intimidate the inhabitants.

Everything went pretty well until we got to the first line of surf, and then every one was certain that this little expedition was not to be carried out without trouble. That landing would be a dangerous job was evidenced by the tumble of huge, curling seas that roared and broke in close proximity to us. An ordinary whaler's crew would have had hard work getting ashore, but our two boats were heavily laden with rifles, ammunition, fireworks, boat-gear, a Maxim gun with fittings, and twenty-five hands in each. Rocks, of whose exact position we had no knowledge, were as plentiful as the curses upon Habt and its gun-running sins that were muttered, and it required very nice boatwork to keep the whole lot of us from going ashore as corpses. The Marines' boat got full of water,

but managed to pull clear of the surf. Then concluding that nothing could be done in the darkness, we agreed to wait a couple of hours for dawn, which would give us just sufficient light to see where we were. As everybody and everything was wet we decided to return to the launch, which would give us a chance of squaring things up a bit for a fresh start.

Now after drifting and pulling about for a couple of hours in a current and amidst heavy surf bearings are apt to change, so that the task of finding the launch was like looking for a black man on a dark night. She had, of course, no lights, and so we pulled first on one course, then on another, and finally picked her up, tied up astern of her, baled the boats out, and gave the men an hour's rest. After a drop of warm cocoa had been served out we started for the beach again about three in the morning, with just enough daylight to see something of its surf-swept fringe. We made two attempts to get ashore, but the surf was too heavy for our laden boats, so we anchored in about nine feet of water, and one hand went overboard with a stern line. When he could find somewhere to stand he hung on to the line and another man then went off and bore a hand in steadying it. Eventually, by this line of communication, we all got ashore and then proceeded to the village.



A dhow, captured with smuggled arms on board, being taken out to sea to be burnt.
From a] [*Photograph.*

There was considerable excitement when we routed out the slumbering inhabitants, and their morning prayers consisted chiefly of consigning us to somewhere hotter than their sun-blistered, squalid, reeking hole of a place. What did we want? Guns? The headman, whom a file of half-dried "jollies" escorted, was by turns indignant at the slur upon his village, and then apparently sorry that the *reis* of the warship should send armed men to his peaceful abode. He was a Hadji, he said, and on his sacred word he had no guns in the village. By the beard of the Prophet, by his father's beard—by the whole tonsorial outfit of his hagiology and family, in fact—he swore to it, gesticulating frantically the while. But the coast people are not to be trusted very much in most things, and in the matter of being innocent of smuggling or hiding rifles, not at all. So as a search amid the hovels and general filthy raffle of the place failed to disclose any firearms the headman was made prisoner and taken off to the *Fox*. Here he was kept until, somehow, in spite of his former protestations about there being no guns in Habt, the unwashed tatterdermalions of that evil abode exchanged thirty rifles and three thousand rounds of ammunition for their captured headman.

After setting the old fellow ashore we steamed to Jask in order to burn the two buggalows that had been captured before our visit to Habt, and on arrival there I was detailed for the duty, and went off with the torpedo gunner and a party of seamen to the craft. We made them fast alongside one another with chain lashings, and then ran them ashore on the beach, where the captain and first lieutenant boarded them. The whole crowd of us then proceeded to deluge those two buggalows with kerosene until they were thoroughly messy with the stuff. Then the match was applied and the bonfire began. It was somewhat of a spectacle and, with the explosion at odd periods of stray rounds of ammunition, not quite a safe one to witness.

Shortly after this we got wireless orders to go to Bombay and there dock the ship for an



From a] The last of a gun-runner—A Calcutta vessel being blown up in Muscat Harbour by H.M.S. "Perseus." [*Photograph.*

overhaul preparatory to joining the escort of H.M. yacht *Medina*, with Their Majesties on board. In the meantime, I applied for permission to remain in the Gulf, and obtained it just in time to quit the ship a quarter of an hour before her departure from Muscat for Bombay. At half-past ten that night word was given me that if it were my wish I might proceed on board H.M. armed launch *Harold*, but to hurry up, as the *Fox* was about to leave, so I mustered my kit, threw it into a boat, and slipped off the old *Fox's* gangway just as she was getting her anchor off the Muscat mud. I joined H.M.S. *Harold* as first lieutenant, and we sailed very soon after I had boarded her and reported for duty, our section of patrol being from Saddaitch to Ras Madain, on the Makran coast, about fifteen hours' run from Muscat. I had the bridge next morning after breakfast, and had not been long under the welcome shade of the double awning when a buggalow was sighted. Accordingly, I headed for her, and upon coming up with her told her to heave to, which she did, with a vast amount of jabbering and singing out from her people. I was detailed to board and search her with an armed boat's crew, and, of course, found her skipper—an eagle-nosed rascal of mixed Arab and Baluch blood—vociferous in denying any knowledge of rifles amongst his cargo.

With a few hands, the rest standing by in case of unpleasantness on the part of the buggalow's truculent-looking crew, I began a search and discovered, hidden under a saddle-bag, a sporting rifle and fifty rounds of ammunition. The skipper was greatly surprised at the find. It was, he swore as only an Oriental can swear, the only rifle and the only ammunition on board. *How* it got there he really couldn't say. Mysterious! Wonderful! But we continued our overhaul, and when our investigations revealed another lot of cartridges, Martinis this time, he became sullenly resigned to being made a prize and taken in tow by the *Harold*. As we headed for Jask, however, there came into view a ship that flew a senior naval officer's flag, and we saw that she was the *Perseus*, which had assumed that dignity *vice* the *Fox*, gone to Bombay. As she came up to us she signalled us to stop, and then communicated the order that I was to report for duty to her captain. Having joined the *Perseus*, she made fast to the *Harold's* prize and resumed her course for Jask, where the buggalow was dealt with, after which we carried on with the usual coast patrol.

After some weeks in the *Perseus* I made an application for command of an armed cutter, and was given charge of *P.I.*, detailed for the guard of Saddaitch and carrying ten blue-jackets, mostly gunnery ratings, an interpreter, who was a Persian, my coxswain, a petty officer, and myself. The *Perseus* dropped us one Sunday morning off the Saddaitch River and left us to look after ourselves. Previous to leaving I was handed my orders, ten sheets of typed foolscap, and these gave me to understand that as this was a hostile coast I was not to approach nearer than five hundred yards of the shore. Orders and instructions as to signals and urgent signals, such as in the event of being short of water, starving, etc., were also contained herein, and then, with best wishes from everybody, we went over the side and said *au revoir* to the *Perseus* for twenty days.

My job was to prevent the landing of arms at Saddaitch, and to patrol a line ten miles east of that wretched place and ten miles west of it—twenty miles of a barren, sun-baked stretch of coast that shimmered in the blaze of a tropic summer, and without two pennyworth of green-stuff to speak of in the whole of its length. I began my work by having a look at the river, and after leaving the ship headed for the bar.

The sea was rolling in pretty heavily as we closed in to the first line of surf, and the outer guard of breakers looked anything but tempting; but we got through without any mishap save a drenching, and inspected the conformation of the shore. Nothing suspicious could be seen, so it was up-stick-and-away for a bit of cruising.

Now the cutter was but twenty-eight feet long, and in her were stowed two masts, with sails, two awnings, twelve barricoes of fresh water, stores and provisions for twenty days, a stove with cooking utensils, fourteen oars, a metal-lined case of ammunition, a Maxim gun with its fittings, and one officer and twelve men with rifles, bandoliers, and kits.

There was not an inch of space to spare, and after a couple of days we began to feel sore, for the little craft was chock-a-block with us and the collection of gear, so that at night, if one had to sleep, it was a plank or grating, or case for a pillow and mattress, and an overcoat for a blanket. The boat either rolled or danced about every minute of the twenty-four hours, and was a little floating lump of acute discomfort.

Sometimes there was too much liveliness in her to allow of a fire being started, so the menu was biscuit and water, with water and biscuit as an alternative course. Cramped, sore, and ill-tempered after some days of this, we fell in with bad weather, and with some of the hands ill from exposure and exhaustion owing to want of food and sleep, the only course left was to let go an anchor and ride it out. To go ashore was out of the question, for news travels fast

among those peoples of the East, and the coming of a ragged crowd of castaways—castaways of the hated patrol, too, and with rifles to boot—would have meant our being cut up into shreds by the Afghans and their equally gentle friends.

We were between the devil and the deep sea with a vengeance, and, because we knew what sort of an end the latter would make of us, chose to chance matters there rather than with the devil, whose name was literally legion.

Night after night, from sundown to the dawn, I sat at the tiller keeping the boat head-on to the seas, and then, when daylight came, tended the sick amongst us as best I could with the aid of such of my crew as could spare a moment occasionally from almost incessant baling; then, towards the end of the afternoon, I would snatch what rest I could. Seven days and seven nights this sort of thing lasted, and no sign did we see of anything like a sail or smoke-blotch that would give some hope, however slight, of help. Grey, grim, and dour was sea and sky by day and black was all by night, save where the white of a breaking surge roared and hissed amidst the tumble of water around us.

On the morning of the eighth day of this wretchedness I saw what I thought to be a patch of smoke against the sky, and when absolutely certain of it, passed the word to the men, who welcomed the news with a cheer. The vessel proved to be H.M.S. *Espiègle,* and upon seeing our distress signals she got to windward and drifted down to us, when I went on board and reported our plight to her commanding officer. He decided to shift the cutter's "beat" to a more sheltered centre, so we had a tow for a couple of hours, and I took the chance of a bath, with a good square meal to follow it, in the cosy ward-room, whilst the crew did likewise on the berth deck.



From a] H.M. Sloop "Espiegle," also engaged in the Persian Gulf blockade. [*Photograph.*

About three that afternoon I cast off from the *Espiègle* with the same complement, replenished stores, and instructions to steer due north three miles, which would be the central point of my new beat, another wretched little place called Gabrig. About five we got in towards the shore, and upon examining its appearance found that we were off the seaward bank of a sort of lagoon into which a river discharged its waters. This we proceeded to approach and scrutinize, but could find no indications of a safe passage until well to the east of the starting spot of our investigation. We ran in through an intricate channel that was full of sand-banks, but managed to avoid getting piled up on any of them. Seeing absolutely no sign of life whatever, I decided to give all hands a chance of stretching their limbs.

I selected a sandy spit that formed a sort of peninsula jutting out from the main land, and put the cutter for it. All around us was the stillness of death. Not even a solitary bird could be seen in the sky. The crew of the *P.I.* were the only humans within my view. However, as a cautionary measure I sent the Persian interpreter—or spy, to use the proper term for this valuable member of the Gulf ships' complements—to find out whether things were as quiet as they seemed and to report at sundown. Supper was then prepared, and whilst the hands were busied at this I examined the surroundings with a powerful glass and saw, as before, absolutely no sign of life.

About nine o'clock, whilst I was initiating a quartet of bluejackets into the mysteries of bridge, one of the men came up and said that he had seen a light some distance away on the rising ground, so in reply to his request to part



From a] Searching a dhow for concealed arms. [*Photograph.*

company on an inspection I sent him, with another, to see what they could make of it, bidding them take their rifles in case of danger. They had not been gone many minutes when back they came and gave me news that surprised me.

The light that had been first seen had disappeared, but several more were in sight and moving about. This called for my own attention, so I told the bridge party to carry on and, taking my revolver and glass, took up a position on the shore, whence a good view of the hills could be obtained. One glance was enough. The dark mass of the hills, that a few hours before had been void of life, now bore unmistakable evidence that men were afoot, for an irregular line of lights—some like brilliant pin-points, others reddish in colour and flaring—moved slowly downwards but ever towards the beach.

A low call brought the coxswain to me.

"Let the men have their tot," said I, "and at once, coxswain. Clear the cutter for action. Douse all lights. Clear away the gun for firing, with a long belt in. See the hands all ready."

I then posted two armed sentries and remained on guard myself.

It was a tight fix to be in, and we all knew it. I had calculated that we should not be able to get the cutter afloat, from where she lay, high and dry, before midnight, and if the tribesmen made a rush in spite of Maxim and rifle-fire, it would be over with every one of us in a very few minutes. So we waited, standing to arms, and in silence, striving to pierce the gloom of night, hearing nothing but our own hard breathing that at times caused a belt or bandolier to creak. But the lip-lap-lip of the ripples was the sound that all of us wished to hear growing stronger as the tide came gradually up the beach, for at any minute I expected to see the tribesmen pouring over the sand-hills, and, as I watched and waited for the Afghans or the tide, one question kept running through my mind: "Will they attack before midnight?"

At last, after a couple of hours of anxious expectation, we had water enough to float the cutter, and at about midnight got her under way without any noise, pulled out quietly about seven hundred yards away from the shore, and let go an anchor. About one o'clock, whilst I sat looking at the dark tongue of sand that had been the scene of our harassing vigil, there came a flash and the report of a rifle from the very spot that we had left, and the shrill voices of men jabbering, and, doubtless, cursing their ill-luck. The hill-men had been disappointed. Dawn came and showed us that whatever gear had been left ashore by us had been burnt by them in revenge. Later on there came down to the boat our Persian interpreter, who told a story of how he had to "run plenty ver' quick," and who was gasping for a drink. I half believed the yarn, but took good care that

none of us went ashore again in the vicinity of Gabrig.

For some ten days after this we cruised about, stopping dhows with our Maxim and then searching them, but making no captures. The water and provisions had got rather low by this time, and for about a week we had not partaken of anything like a solid meal, and the whole of us were feeling sick of the job of boat cruising. One night we saw some lights, and presently the beam of a search-light in sweeping the seas rested upon us, and we were soon alongside H.M.S. *Espiègle*, to whose commanding officer I reported myself. He told me that the *Perseus*, which I had not seen for twenty days, had been ordered down to Bombay, and would rendezvous the next morning to pick up her cutter and crew. We tied up astern of the *Espiègle* that night, and next morning, when my ship the *Perseus* joined the *Espiègle*, I got the order that I was to transfer to the latter ship, and so bade good-bye to my cutter and her hands. The *Espiègle*, being next senior ship in the division, hoisted the S.N.O.'s flag.

Whilst attached to this ship the participation in the landing at Bushire fell to my lot, and it was a change from the chasing, stopping, and searching of dhows that marked the cruising as one of her officers.

Most people remember the row about the molestation of an English lady in Shiraz, Central Persia, and the decision of the Indian Government to send troops to Shiraz and Ispahan for the preservation of order in those districts. These troops came up from Bombay in a couple of hired transports to Bushire, and, as the Persians had threatened to oppose the landing, we had orders to proceed and await the arrival of the force. On arrival in the harbour of Bushire we found H.M.S. *Odin* already there, and at once began to arrange a plan of action in case of any trouble occurring. I went ashore with the captain, and had an opportunity of seeing the commandant of the military camp, who, together with the S.N.O., arranged the details of the morrow. Two heavily-armed cutters were detailed to escort the launches conveying the troops ashore, and were in respective charge of the *Odin's* first lieutenant and myself.



From a] **A party of captured gun-runners.** [*Photograph.*

Next morning in came the two transports with the troops (the Central India Horse was the regiment), and they found the *Odin* at one end of the harbour, the *Espièglc* at the other, armed cutters standing by, and landing parties

in readiness. We took up stations as detailed and saw all clear for getting the men ashore without any shooting being necessary, and then resumed cruising. Some time after this there came a signal from the commander-in-chief turning me over to the *Philomel,* which had Number Three Section of the Gulf Patrol, and was parent ship for all small armed craft within that sphere of operations, two of that flotilla being her own cutters. Hearing that two of the boats were away cruising I volunteered for command of one of them. A buggalow had been reported as having left Musçat for Habt, and the commanding officer of the *Philomel* decided to drop another cutter to guard that harbour, and so I found myself again at boat-work very soon after making my offer, and in due course pulled away in the *Ph.* 3, the *Philomel's* third cutter.

In the harbour of Habt I went ashore, had a look round, and finding everything in order went back to the boat. On our way to the cutter we espied some turtles, and as the chance of fresh food on these expeditions is small we lost no time in "turning turtle" a trinity of the biggest; two of them, six hundred and eighty and seven hundred and twenty-two pounds respectively, we presented to the captain and officers of the *Philomel,* and of the smallest we made soup for ourselves. The cutter remained at Habt for three days, and her guard was then shifted to Saddaitch, a place of which my recollections are not altogether pleasant. I remained off here for about three weeks, and had much better weather; the bar, too, was easier to negotiate, which was a feature that was appreciated by reason of the fact that we kept fairly dry during our several trips through its surf.

Soon I had another shift of station, and this time my centre was a place called Puzim, a sort of inhabited combination of dustbin and manure-heap, and a good deal farther to the east of my previous scene. When I heard of this being my centre I explained the difficulties of it to my commander, who was new to the station, and asked him to have an eye on us during the cruise, as the beat was an open bay, subject to a very nasty sea in the winter whenever a *shamah,* common to the coast about those months, started to blow. He was a good deal concerned, but as this particular place badly needed a guardian angel to keep it from the crime of gun-running, he assured me of his solicitude, and away I went with a new cutter and a new crew.

At about seven in the evening on the day of leaving the ship, we got close in shore and rode at anchor until ten o'clock, when I found that it would be high water, which would allow of a closer inspection of the far from picturesque beach and its hilly conformation. So we got under way, nosed about for some time like a terrier after a rat-hole, and about midnight picked up a bit of a bar. The surf ran very heavy, with such a big breaking into "white water," that the prospect of getting through without a capsize seemed very remote. The look of the weather, too, was anything but bright, so I decided to get over the bar, as we should then be better placed to find shelter should it come on to blow heavily. A couple of us then stripped and got overboard, and after a bit of personal investigation saw that the bar was off the entrance to a fine river, where shelter could be found from anything like heavy weather. There was a chance of being up-ended in the surf, so I ordered all hands to strip and to stand by for a jump if she turned over. Then, clad as were Mulvaney and his chums at the immortal taking of Lungtungpen, we headed for the bar as soon as a cheery "All ready, sir!" was reported. By this time brilliant lightning was playing about us, but whether thunder followed it I could not say, for all round us was a tumbling, crashing, booming inferno of white water that drowned every other sound and nearly ourselves as well.

We had only the lightning as an illuminant of our passage, but we got through with nothing worse than a bath, and after pulling up the river for about a quarter of a mile dropped anchor. Daylight came and then, with an armed guard, I went ashore to the village, which was scattered along the right bank, off which we had brought up. We tramped over sand and stone, and the yelping of a cur that came charging out of the cluster of huts brought out a number of the villagers armed with a variety of weapons. These gentlemen, seeing what we were, called out that they were peaceful, and that their headman himself would go bail for their good conduct. Thereupon the headman himself came and made salaam and spoke soft, soothing words in protestation of his loyalty (they all do this, even though their huts are a veritable armoury of contraband shooting-irons). I had a look round, however, just to assure myself, and found no evidence of there being anything wrong in the rifle line of business. From a sanitary standpoint the place merited burning down, but that we couldn't do. We then left the salaaming headman and put to cruising again.

About a week or so after this H.M.S. *Tamil* signalled orders to proceed to Rashide and search the river. We did so, and on the passage back to resume our ordinary "beat" fell foul of a *shamah,* a northerly gale that may last a few

hours or a week. I knew what we were in for, and so hove-to under close-reefed foresail and mainsail; but before very long away to leeward went the foresail in a hundred streamers. Not long after this the mainmast carried away about the middle and nearly capsized us as it went flying over the side. For a few seconds it looked as if we were going to finish there and then, but we let go our anchor and that kept her head-on to the seas. Thus we spent the night. Lightning hissing and crackling around us; steep-to seas lifting the luckless cutter with a wrenching tug at the anchor that strained her in every inch of her frame, so that I thought she would open up beneath us; water washing over the bow and rushing outboard over the stern, drenching all of us—that was our plight in a night of gloom. Daylight came and showed each one of us the dishevelled, miserable-looking men of his company, and yet, spite of the melancholy spectacle it held out some hope that put a little energy into us. At least we could see. So we got out the oars and, watching every opportunity, edged gradually in towards the creek. It was a desperate chance. But since our own sense told us that there was no hope of living through the smother, we took this as a last fighting chance of getting into shelter. I don't know exactly how we got through, but by a miracle get through we did, and mighty glad we were to get into the creek. Not long afterwards the *Philomel* hove in sight, and we at once knocked off patching up our damages and got alongside. I was sorry to report extensive damages, but the captain simply shook hands with me.

"Thank Heaven you are safe," said he.

I resumed command of the cutter with a new crew after she had been fitted out with fresh masts and sails, during which I had a bath and something to eat. This resumption of my guard meant Christmas away from the ship, which was not a very pleasant prospect. However, we made the best of it, and just after that festival were recalled by signal to the ship. I had to dismantle the cutter, as the *Philomel* expected final orders to proceed to Bushire, there to land every available man and every available gun to march upon Shiraz to relieve the Central India Horse, as they were being cut up by the Persians. However, something happened, and we got orders to resume our patrol, and I was once again mustering my cutter's crew for cruising. The night of my departure was far from bright. Lowering skies



"All round us was a tumbling, crashing, booming inferno of white water."

and a spiteful heave in the sea gave a threatening aspect to the prospect of boat work, and Captain —— did not like the idea of the boat leaving, as my new "beat" had been shifted from Puzim to Galag, and I was new to it. However, as I knew my crew well and the weatherly qualities of the boat, I assured him that we should be all right, and so, after telling me he would keep within range of a rocket, the cutter got orders to proceed.

Some cruising around resulted in our discovering what looked like the entrance to a river, so, of course, we had the usual fight with a boiling surf, and finally came to anchor in a fairly large stream. When day dawned we heard sounds of domestic animals, and the first gleams of daylight showed us a village clustered on the right bank, with three buggalows lying in a tier close in. Thereupon I sent the coxswain with an armed party to investigate, but before long he returned and reported that a caravan of about forty camels and sixty men, every one of them armed, was near the village.

This was news indeed!

The coxswain's description of the caravan was that "they were an ugly-looking lot and beggars to fight"; but in spite of the number I determined to have a look round the village, and so, with bandoliers full and magazines charged, we got ashore. We were not molested on our way up from the boat, and instead of being ridden at by the "camelry" found that the outfit had stampeded for the hills. This looked fishy. So, to bring matters to a crisis, we rounded up three headmen, marched them down to the cutter, and then, to ensure their comfort in the way of congenial society, boarded the three buggalows and haled their protesting skippers along also, leaving our half-dozen guests under escort. I told the headmen that if in an hour's time they had not expressed a willingness to hand over all arms or ammunition in the place, I would search every habitation in it, and if rifles or cartridges were found raze the whole town. One of them looked up, and began the usual tale of ignorance concerning guns and ammunition, whilst his friends in duress joined in with shrill acquiescence and vehement gesticulation to emphasize the absolute morality of the squalid hole of which they were the "corporation."

"But why did those gentlemen on camels skedaddle?" I asked in the Gulf equivalent for *lingua franca* or "pidgin."

Oh, the caravan? They had come to buy goats and kids, for their flocks on the hills had been raided by sundry sons of Belial (my informant's precise genealogy of the caterans cannot be repeated here) and having finished trading had gone back to their village. They were eminently respectable, I was assured—the local equivalents for the unco' guid in general, and, above all, men of peace and goodwill.

This I thought to be a rather "tall story," and, knowing that village people are not in the habit of riding camels, gave the gist of the yarn to my coxswain, who had seen the caravan.

"Ah, sir," was his remark, "he's just a bit of a liar. Them camel chaps 'll fight yet."

The time for handing over the rifles had expired, and we were overhauling the village, dodging in and out of filthy dwellings that reeked with smells, with dogs, mangy and scarred, snarling at us, and women spitting on the ground, when one of the hands who were keeping a look-out for any trouble reported that the mounted men were coming down at full speed in open order. A movement towards the cutter was now commenced, for a puff of smoke from the camel-men and a spurt of dust in the sand spoke of trouble, and as we fell back we gave them a few shots to keep them in check. The prisoners were secured, so that all hands were free to devote their attention to the shindy, and as the camels still came on—they had now closed in on their centre and were coming down at full speed—we opened on them with the machine-gun and our rifles. For about an hour or so things were lively. The enemy were not the peaceful gentry the headmen would have had me believe, but, as I had surmised, *pukka* fighting men from the hills.

They advanced at first in a charge, yelling and firing from their swaying steeds as they came on. The din was awful. There were the shrill yells of the attacking force, joined in a devil's chorus with the scream of the camels, the thud of hoofs, the irregular "bang" of Martinis, and, rising high above all, the harsh, grating purr of our little Maxim and the sharp crack of the Service small arms. The hillmen were using the old black powder behind a ·45 bullet, and their fire gave a considerable amount of smoke. Through the cloud of smoke and dust and sand they charged again and again, trying to smash us by sheer weight after a scattering volley, but the steady stream of bullets from the Maxim and rifles stopped the rush every time. They next tried a rush in extended order, and failing to do so made one last attempt *en masse*, firing, reloading, and firing again as they stormed towards us, but only to meet a crashing fire that scattered them. They finally drew off, and we then had a look round to see what damage had been done during the attack. There was one bullet-hole through the quarter on the

starboard side, and the ·45 that had penetrated my cutter had also splintered my left foot. I bandaged it and then went ashore with an armed guard to search the village. We turned the place upside down and inside out in a hunt for arms that lasted for hours, and which, much to the men's disgust, was not rewarded by any discoveries. We finished about nightfall and then returned to the cutter, released the three headmen and buggalow skippers, and put to sea again to cruise. Though I made the signal "All well" to various vessels of the division that spoke the cutter, I was not sorry to see my parent ship heave in sight one day and display the signal for me to repair on board, as my foot was by now very painful and quite out of action, for when I made an attempt to board the *Philomel* the state of it made such a feat impossible, so I arrived on board in the arms of my coxswain.



"They made one last attempt 'en masse,' firing, reloading, and firing again as they stormed towards us."

Here ends this straightforward story of an officer's experiences in the suppression of the traffic in arms in the Persian Gulf. Subsequently Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-Commander) Farrell was pulled off by his old cutter's crew in a special gig to the s.s. *Dumia*, of the British India Line, and carried on board by his coxswain. As the gig pulled away from the cruiser there was a scramble of men to hammock nettings and rails. The whole ship's company, without orders, turned out, manned ship, and gave "three cheers for Mr. Farrell" as he started on his homeward voyage.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Mysterious Well—A Sumatran Bride—A Village of Cave-Dwellers, etc., etc.

BRIDES all over the world like to make the best display possible on their wedding day, and the bridal attire of the various countries is invariably both costly and beautiful. For sheer gorgeousness, however, it would be hard to rival the wedding finery of the belles of the island of Sumatra. The dress is woven entirely of gold thread, and its weight is so great that the wearer can hardly move; even standing up requires a distinct effort. Apart from this shimmering, golden garment, the bride is loaded down with gold ornaments—rings, bangles, earrings, pendants, girdles, and necklaces—and sundry ornamental purses of the same metal. The huge ornaments hanging on chains round her neck are hollow, but all the smaller charms are of solid native gold, most massively wrought. One might almost think that the natives, having heard something about a good wife being "worth her weight in gold," had set out to prove the fact by loading their quaint little brides with the actual equivalent of their weight in the precious metal.



A Sumatran bride—She is dressed from head to foot in cloth of gold and loaded down with golden ornaments.
From a Photo. by Argus, Milan.

Two miles out from Settle, on the main road between that town and Ingleton, Yorkshire, there is to be found one of the most curious of natural phenomena in the shape of the famous ebbing and flowing well of Giggleswick. A small, unpretentious little structure, scarcely to be distinguished from the ordinary trough of water to be seen on many of our country roads, it is yet one of the most quaint and fascinating spectacles one could hope to see. As the name implies, the well has the nature of a tide; it ebbs and flows continually, though by no means with regularity. Sometimes the privileged traveller will see the oblong stone basin filled with clear water; then, even as he gazes into its pellucid depths, the water gradually sinks until the trough is half empty, or it may be more. There is barely time to wonder at this strange thing ere, with a rush and a whirl, the trough is again full. The ebb and flow continues with more or less marked effect, and the water is never at the same level for two consecutive minutes. Sometimes the outflow has scarcely begun before the basin again fills, but at other times the trough is almost emptied. Occasionally, perhaps once in a couple of hours, the well is completely emptied, and then the wondering beholder sees what is apparently a huge worm double quickly across the base of the trough. It is all done in an instant, and one has but little chance to note the size of the "worm" ere the creature disappears and the water again bubbles over the mouth of the basin. The whole thing has a touch of the weird. There is no visible outlet, though, by putting one's hand into the trough, one can feel a small hole in the side of the basin. It may be through this that the water escapes, but where it goes to is a mystery just as much as how the well refills so



The curious well at Giggleswick, Yorkshire, which ebbs and flows continually.
From a Photograph.



From a Photo.] The famous "flat arch" of Panama City, which has stood for nearly three centuries. [*by Marine.*

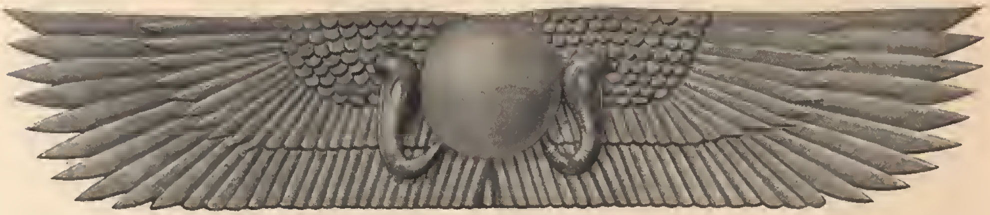
rapidly. The ground round the base of the trough is hard and dry, and the water could not possibly be spilled there without some sign being left. It must, therefore, sink back into the underground cistern from which, as a spring, it arises. Local scientists have a theory to the effect that the whole thing is due to a current of air which passes through the base of the trough, and point out that when the wind is in certain quarters the "worm" is seen more often that when contrary winds blow. The well is steeped in antiquity, and is mentioned by the earliest of travellers.

The photograph reproduced above shows one of the most famous "flat arches" in the world. This is to be found in the ruin of the Church of Santa Domingo, Panama City, and has stood for nearly three centuries. The arch has an unsupported span of thirty-six feet five inches, and stands twenty feet from the ground. Tradition has it that the Dominican monks planned and built their own church. This arch was near the front of the entrance and supported the organ-loft, and it fell down three times as soon as the supports were taken away. Then a monk who was neither an architect nor an engineer "dreamed" an arch and drew up a plan according to his vision. When the arch was for the fourth time completed, the designer stood beneath it while the supports were removed, staking his life on his inspired work. It stood, and still stands. The church was destroyed by fire in 1737, and now nothing remains but this marvellous arch. The ruin is now the property of private owners, and unless the famous arch is speedily bought by the Government of Panama it will be torn down, and a modern apartment-house will be erected on the site.

In the island of Grand Canary there is a very interesting community of cave-dwellers. The village of Atalaya, as it is called, is reached by a drive of about eight miles from Las Palmas, during which an ascent of one thousand seven hundred feet is made. On reaching the crest of the



The cave-dwelling village of Atalaya, Grand Canary, where about a thousand people live in caverns hollowed out of the rock.
From a] [*Photograph.*



Symbols of Protection



Ancient Egyptians carved over their doorways and upon their temple walls the symbol of supernatural protection; a winged disk. It typified the light and power of the sun, brought down from on high by the wings of a bird.

Mediæval Europe, in a more practical manner, sought protection behind the solid masonry of castle walls.

In America we have approached the ideal of the Egyptians. Franklin drew electricity from the clouds and Bell harnessed it to the telephone.

Today the telephone is a means of protection more potent than the sun disk fetish and more practical than castle walls.

The Bell System has carried the telephone wires everywhere throughout the land, so that all the people are bound together for the safety and freedom of each.

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From a Photo.] **Mysterious Indian carvings on the coast of British Columbia.** [*by King.*

hill one comes suddenly on a strange sight—a veritable warren, inhabited by human beings, numbering about a thousand souls in all, who know no other home than caves. These caves have been hollowed out of the volcanic rock, and while many are open to the elements others have been walled in, leaving an open doorway. In a few cases, where space could be obtained, a room has been built outside. These people are the descendants of the Guanchos—the original inhabitants of the islands—and Spaniards, and eke out a very precarious existence by the manufacture of pottery, which they barter for the necessaries of life. They do not till the land, but are adepts at begging.

The striking photograph shown above depicts some ancient Indian carvings on the face of the rocks on the British Columbian coast. Doubtless these odd-looking hieroglyphics have some abstruse symbolical meaning, but the degenerate present-day descendants of the race which formerly inhabited the country would probably have great difficulty in deciphering them.

The people who live in the mountains round Simla have some very curious customs. They believe, for instance, that children benefit by having cold water poured on their



An extraordinary Indian custom—The babies are put to sleep with a stream of water pouring over their heads, and are left in this position for several hours.

From a Photo. by Major A. G. Young.



Built as a "Temple of Isis," this curious-looking building, which is situated near Genoa, was finally turned into a wine-shop.
From a Photo. by Laurence & Co., Paris.

heads, though they are unable to state wherein the benefit lies. Babies, from shortly after birth to the age of four or five years, are daily put with their heads under a small stream of water, remaining there for several hours. The baby is so disposed that the water just hits the top of its head and then runs off without wetting its clothes. The water has a decided soporific effect, putting the child to sleep almost at once—which may be the explanation of the popularity of the practice. One or two women usually remain in charge of a bunch of babies. The two women shown in the picture are twisting thread for weaving purposes, using their toes to hold the ends. The only answer the correspondent who took the photograph could get to his questions as to what good the process did was that "it kept the babies' heads cool." This is doubtless true, as the water is generally bitterly cold, and the operation goes on winter and summer, regardless of the temperature.

"While taking a stroll on the fortifications above Genoa," writes a correspondent, "I was considerably surprised to find myself face to face with the curious little building represented in the foregoing photograph; and I could not help exclaiming to my companion, 'Have we been transported by magic to the banks of the Nile?' Curious to know the history of this construction, which has all the air of an Egyptian temple, I made inquiries in the neighbourhood, and was informed that it had been erected, some ten or twelve years ago, by the members of a strange society, supposed to be worshippers of Isis, and that they used to meet there every Thursday and Sunday. These gatherings lasted only for six months, for, as is usual with such little sects, the society came to an early end through lack of funds. After remaining empty for some time the building was taken over by a wineshop-keeper, but he, too, had ill-success and was compelled to close his doors. Had the wineseller opened such a building as this on the Boulevard de Clichy, at Montmartre, side by side with some of the eccentric *cafés* of Paris, he could not have failed to make his fortune."

In the heart of the main *plaza* of the little Indian village of Jamay, on the shore of Lake Chapala, in the State of Jalisco, Mexico, stands the remarkable monument shown below. The pedestal is built of brick and concrete, while the statue of Pope Pius IX. which crowns it is made of concrete. There are two noticeable features about this monument. Firstly, the Pope faces in two directions, having no back to his figure; and secondly, the monument, costing something like fifteen thousand pesos, was erected in fulfilment of a vow made by certain devout Indians of Jamay some fifty years ago, when a terrific pestilence—probably smallpox—carried off more than half the inhabitants of the village. The survivors prayed to the saints to avert the pestilence, but apparently without result. They then prayed to the Pope at Rome, vowing to build the monument should the curse of the plague be removed. The pestilence disappeared soon after, and the monument—the result of the contribution of some article of jewellery or a day's labour of every Indian left alive in Jamay—was promptly erected.



A monument with a remarkable history.
From a Photograph.

GABE: "Why do they say that the ghost walks on pay-day?"
Steve: "Because that's the day our spirits rise."



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Man and His Needs

Pin Proof Cravats We have had "hole-proof" socks, "unshrinkable" underwear, "burglar proof" safes and now someone comes along with "pin proof" cravats, or ties. And they bear out their guarantee, too. These cravats are made in all shades and tbe material is so woven that the scarf pin leaves no "scar." They are guaranteed to be almost indestructible and the wearer eventually throws the tie away, not because it is worn out, but because he is tired of the color! "Pin proof" ties are likely to enjoy a big sale during these days of stock market depression, and we congratulate the astute inventor who first thought of offering such a bomb-proof tie to an economic-loving public.

Caps For All Seasons Though many of our readers may not be aware of the fact, there is a fashion in caps as there is in every other necessity to correct masculine dress. If this were not so who would take any trouble in selecting a cap? The man who studies his appearance shows considerable discernment when purchasing a cap. He considers the pattern, the color, the "lines" and the material. Is the cap for golfing, for motoring, for hunting or for cycling? Every season almost demands a different kind of cap. In spring and summer even landsmen seem to favor yachting caps, while in the fall the corduroy hunting cap is seen on every hand—or rather head. Motor headwear may be found in endless varieties and even the polo cap is patronized by men who have never seen an international game. There are occasions when nothing but a cap will answer and the man who has a desire to appear suitably dressed will show as much judgment in the selection of a cap as he will in the choice of a coat.

The Popular Blazer The "blazer," so popular in England, has had rather a struggle to find favor in this country. But it is making its way and the time is not far off when this "coat of many colors" will be as much worn here as on the other side of the pond. It was Mrs. Langtry who deplored the fact that men wore such sombre-hued clothes and hoped that the time would soon come when plum-colored coats and "robin-red-breast" waistcoats would come into fashion again. As a matter of fact, nothing looks better on the baseball field or tbe tennis court than a "blazer," and though some tastes run to bizarre effects it seldom happens that the color or combination of colors offends the eye. The "blazer" is, perhaps, an acquired taste, but it undoubtedly pleases the ladies and under these circumstances it should, perhaps, be encouraged.

Soft Double-Cuff Shirts The soft double-cuff shirt has evidently come to stay. The young man of today evidently approves of it, but whether because of its appearance or comfort it is hard to say. Doubtless comfort outrivals appearance, for it cannot be denied that there is something a little bit untidy about the soft cuff which the laundered article does not possess. As a matter of fact the soft cuff shirt is on a part with the soft bosom dress shirt. Neither is as smart as the starched article, but by reason of its comfort it is bound to "win out." It cannot be denied that there are very fascinating patterns in these newest style shirts, and this all helps to popularize a fresh fashion.

England and the Tariff An English reader has written us complaining that a recent paragraph dealing with the tariff question was not in very good taste and protesting that some readers would surely be offended. The only remark which could possibly be considered in the slightest degree offensive was that in which we said that "England would be glad to have an opportunity of supplying us with men's wear, and when she does there is no doubt that domestic goods will come down in price." We cannot imagine why offence should be taken at this very innocent remark. The price of wearing apparel will certainly be reduced when other countries are enabled to bring in their goods under a moderate tariff, and we cannot see that our own manufacturers will suffer to any great extent. Competition is good under all circumstances.

Braid and Formality That most excellent exemplar of fashion—The Clothier and Furnisher—has something to say regarding the ceremonial use of braid. Here is what our esteemed contemporary says: "Braid breathes formality and should only be put on garments avowedly for occasions of ceremony. Thus, trousers to accompany the 'swallowtail' should be braided but trousers to accompany the Tuxedo should be braidless. This unwritten law of evening dress is sometimes flouted but to transgress it is a breach of code, vital or venial according to one's viewpoint. Trousers to accompany formal evening clothes may be braided in one of several ways—with a single braid stripe; with two narrow stripes or with a serpentine or wavy stripe."

Sashes and "Swallowtails" Dancing on sultry summer nights is not an ideal occupation whether it is the turkey-trot, the tango or the dreamy waltz. It does not matter what the dance may be the temperature is sure to rise and the dancers' collars suffer in consequence. "Shirt-sleeve" dances are not always in good taste and even at the shore it frequently happens that one is invited to an evening affair when "swallowtails" are considered the correct thing. And a "swallowtail" with that needless and heating evening waistcoat makes the art of Terpsichore a grueling affair. Thanks should therefore be accorded to that leader of fashion—whoever he is—who instituted the black silk sash as a substitute. It is a harmless affair and quite narrow but successfully hides the line of demarcation between shirt and trousers-top. Try it and you will add at least seventy-five per cent. to your enjoyment.

Ardent Suitor—"I lay my fortune at your feet."

Fair Lady—"Your fortune! I didn't know you had one."

Ardent Suitor—"Well, it isn't much of a fortune, but it will look large beside those tiny feet."—*Tit Bits.*

Collar, Shirt and Waistcoat A contemporary draws attention to the fad for matching collar, shirt and waistcoat and points out that this fashion was revived during the spring. The pattern is usually a hairline stripe which is reproduced in all three belongings of dress. The effect is insipid and hardly to be recommended. That linen colored collars will sidle into general vogue there seems no doubt. Self-striped collars, that is collars striped in white upon white, are already a commonplace. It is a question whether this new fad will have a very long or healthy existence, and, speaking frankly, there is no particular reason why it should.

Buy Good Shirts It is rather a false economy to buy very cheap shirts. They will not last half as long as a fair priced article and moreover they can never be obtained in those exclusive patterns which mark the good-taste shirt even more than the material. Ready-to-wear shirts are made in a hundred different qualities and to suit all tastes, but it is not the wisest man who buys at the lowest figure and then expects to get good wear and good appearance into the bargain. A good shirt is worth every cent of what you pay for it. A bad shirt is worth nothing and in fact is dear if made a present. Also, be chary of so-called "shirt sales." Some that are conducted in reputable stores are, of course, above suspicion, but—there are others!

News About Neckwear In regard to the latest neckwear, stripes seem to be having it all their own way, but the best trade is undoubtedly favoring figures. This is discernible in the revival of soft tinted shawl colors, embroidered crêpes and floral figures and traceries upon delicate silks. The very brilliant colors adopted this season for shirtings—pinks, yellows and the like—almost forbid the wearing of multi-colored scarfs, for that means a brawl of tints. Hence the widespread return to figured designs and solid colors that don't clash with pronounced shirt patterns.

Elastic Leather Belts Why didn't it come before—the elastic leather belt? It has been left for a New Yorker to solve the secret of "elasticising" leather, and that he has successfully accomplished it is proved by the popularity already accorded this latest novelty. The leather is so treated that it will stretch from one to three inches and this without in any way weakening the material. Indeed, the process does not even change the color of the leather, and one is unable to realize its stretching qualities without testing it. The belts are no different in appearance to ordinary leather belts, but their advantage can be realized without any great amount of argument. Elastic belts have been wanted a long while and they will doubtless enjoy an immense sale.

Stick to Your Profession It is a wise man who sticks to his profession, but it is a wiser man still who has the forethought to choose a profession which he knows will stick to him. Change of occupation may be good for the health, but as a rule it is mighty bad for the pocket. In some cases, of course, a man so obviously chooses an unsuitable profession that it is an act of wisdom to make a change, but we are talking rather of the man who has a "shot" at a dozen trades or professions and ends by making a very poor showing even in the one he finally settles upon. Care and discretion in choosing a profession and tenacity and grit in sticking to it will bring success in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. And the man who sticks at nothing long will come to disaster in the same proportion. "Jack of all trades and Master of none" can be applied to most men who fail to stick to their selected occupations.

Your Personal Appearance Here is what a successful business man of many years standing has to say regarding personal appearance:—"One's personal appearance, if it be pleasing, never lacks appreciation, and the realization of the tremendous weight carried by a good first impression is of the utmost importance. And the greatest asset the man of ambition seeking for success can wish is the possession of personality. Charm of manner combined with smartness of attire, contrasted with boorishness and an untidy, slovenly habit of dress, is just the distinction between a reciprocal sense of pleasure and a decided aversion. And the man of smart appearance is content not only with quality in those articles of his wardrobe which are most obvious, but seeks quality in detail also." Every word is true and we should like our readers to remember this advice when next they are replenishing their outfits.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to "Man and His Needs," The Wide World Magazine, 83-85 Duane Street, New York.

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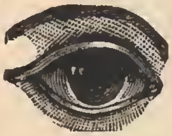
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